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*In Memory of Their Parents*

Mary O Farrell

The Yankee Girl  
Page 220

The Slave Ships  
Page 47.

Book 1



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# VOICES OF FREEDOM,

BY

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

SIXTH AND COMPLETE EDITION.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY THOMAS S. CAVENDER.

BOSTON: WAITE, PIERCE AND CO.

NEW YORK: WILLIAM HARNED.

1846.





## NOTE.

THE following Poems are published by a friend of the author. Since the last edition was issued, several years have passed, and a new and vigorous host has entered the service of Freedom. With all classes, Whittier has been a favorite Poet; and the publication of his writings, especially those devoted to that cause, seems to be generally desired. These are all included, it is believed, in the present collection.

Of their character, it is not necessary here to speak. The enthusiasm which they kindled in the minds of Abolitionists in the beginning, and the calm endurance, the lofty courage, the generous self-sacrifice which they have inspired during the latter years of labor and devotion in the anti-slavery cause, place them above the need of friendly eulogy and beyond the reach of hostile criticism.

The first of these is the  
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## STANZAS.

"The despotism which our fathers could not bear in their native country is expiring, and the sword of justice in her reformed hands has applied its exterminating edge to slavery. Shall the United States—the free United States, which could not bear the bonds of a king, cradle the bondage which a king is abolishing? Shall a Republic be less free than a Monarchy? Shall we, in the vigor and buoyancy of our manhood, be less energetic in righteousness than a kingdom in its age?"—*Dr. Follen's Address.*

"Genius of America!—Spirit of our free institutions!—where art thou? How art thou fallen, O Lucifer! son of the morning—how art thou fallen from Heaven! Hell from beneath is moved for thee, to meet thee at thy coming! The kings of the earth cry out to thee, Aha! Aha!—ART THOU BECOME LIKE UNTO US?"—*Speech of Samuel J. May.*

OUR fellow-countrymen in chains!  
Slaves—in a land of light and law!  
Slaves—crouching on the very plains  
Where roll'd the storm of Freedom's war!  
A groan from Eutaw's haunted wood—  
A wail where Camden's martyrs fell—  
By every shrine of patriot blood,  
From Moultrie's wall and Jasper's well!

By storied hill and hallow'd grct,  
By mossy wood and marshy glen,  
Whence rang of old the rifle-shot,  
And hurrying shout of Marion's men!

The groan of breaking hearts is there—  
 The falling lash—the fetter's clank!  
*Slaves*—*SLAVES* are breathing in that air,  
 Which old De Kalb and Sumter drank!

What, ho!—*our* countrymen in chains!  
 The whip on *WOMAN'S* shrinking flesh!  
*Our* soil yet reddening with the stains,  
 Caught from her scourging, warm and fresh!  
 What! mothers from their children riven!  
 What! God's own image bought and sold!  
*AMERICANS* to market driven,  
 And barter'd as the brute for gold!

Speak! shall their agony of prayer  
 Come thrilling to our hearts in vain?  
 To us, whose fathers scorn'd to bear  
 The paltry *menace* of a chain;  
 To us, whose boast is loud and long  
 Of holy Liberty and Light—  
 Say, shall these writhing slaves of Wrong,  
 Plead vainly for their plunder'd Right?

What! shall we send, with lavish breath,  
 Our sympathies across the wave,  
 Where Manhood, on the field of death,  
 Strikes for his freedom, or a grave?  
 Shall prayers go up, and hymns be sung  
 For Greece, the Moslem fetter spurning,  
 And millions hail with pen and tongue  
*Our* light on all her altars burning?

Shall Belgium feel, and gallant France,  
By Vendome's pile and Schoenbrun's wall,  
And Poland, gasping on her lance,  
The impulse of our cheering call?  
And shall the SLAVE, beneath our eye,  
Clank o'er *our* fields his hateful chain?  
And toss his fetter'd arms on high,  
And groan for Freedom's gift, in vain?

Oh, say, shall Prussia's banner be  
A refuge for the stricken slave?  
And shall the Russian serf go free  
By Baikal's lake and Neva's wave?  
And shall the wintry-bosom'd Dane  
Relax the iron hand of pride,  
And bid his bondmen cast the chain,  
From fetter'd soul and limb, aside?

Shall every flap of England's flag  
Proclaim that all around are free,  
From "farthest Ind" to each blue crag  
That beetles o'er the Western Sea?  
And shall we scoff at Europe's kings,  
When Freedom's fire is dim with us,  
And round our country's altar clings  
The damning shade of Slavery's curse?

Go—let us ask of Constantine  
To loose his grasp on Poland's throat;  
And beg the lord of Mahmoud's line  
To spare the struggling Suliote—

Will not the scorching answer come  
From turban'd Turk, and scornful Russ :  
"Go, loose your fetter'd slaves at home,  
Then turn, and ask the like of us!"

Just God! and shall we calmly rest,  
The Christian's scorn—the Heathen's mirth—  
Content to live the lingering jest  
And by-word of a mocking Earth?  
Shall our own glorious land retain  
That curse which Europe scorns to bear?  
Shall our own brethren drag the chain  
Which not even Russia's menials wear?

Up, then, in Freedom's manly part,  
From gray-beard eld to fiery youth,  
And on the nation's naked heart  
Scatter the living coals of Truth!  
Up—while ye slumber, deeper yet  
The shadow of our fame is growing!  
Up—while ye pause, our sun may set  
In blood, around our altars flowing!

Oh! rouse ye, ere the storm comes forth—  
The gather'd wrath of God and man—  
Like that which wasted Egypt's earth,  
When hail and fire above it ran.  
Hear ye no warnings in the air?  
Feel ye no earthquake underneath?  
Up—up—why will ye slumber where  
The sleeper only wakes in death?



Up *now* for Freedom!—not in strife  
Like that your sterner fathers saw—  
The awful waste of human life—  
The glory and the guilt of war :  
But break the chain—the yoke remove,  
And smite to earth Oppression's rod,  
With those mild arms of Truth and Love,  
Made mighty through the living God!

Down let the shrine of Moloch sink,  
And leave no traces where it stood ;  
Nor longer let its idol drink  
His daily cup of human blood :  
But rear another altar there,  
To Truth and Love and Mercy given,  
And Freedom's gift, and Freedom's prayer,  
Shall call an answer down from Heaven!

## TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE, the black chieftain of Hayti, was a slave on the plantation "de Libertas," belonging to M. Bayou. When the rising of the negroes took place, in 1791, Toussaint refused to join them, until he had aided M. Bayou and his family to escape to Baltimore. The white man had discovered in Toussaint many noble qualities, and had instructed him in some of the first branches of education; and the preservation of his life was owing to the negro's gratitude for this kindness.

In 1797, Toussaint L'Ouverture was appointed, by the French government, General-in-Chief of the armies of St. Domingo, and, as such, signed the Convention with General Maitland, for the evacuation of the island by the British. From this period until 1801, the island, under the government of Toussaint, was happy, tranquil, and prosperous. The miserable attempt of Napoleon to re-establish slavery in St. Domingo, although it failed of its intended object, proved fatal to the negro chieftain. Treacherously seized by Le Clerc, he was hurried on board a vessel by night, and conveyed to France, where he was confined in a cold subterranean dungeon, at Besançon, where, in April, 1803, he died. The treatment of Toussaint finds a parallel only in the murder of the Duke d'Enghein. It was the remark of Godwin, in his Lectures, that the West India islands, since their first discovery by Columbus, could not boast of a single name which deserves comparison with that of TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

'Twas night. The tranquil moonlight smile  
With which Heaven dreams of Earth, shed down  
Its beauty on the Indian isle—  
On broad green field and white-walled town;  
And inland waste of rock and wood,  
In searching sunshine, wild and rude,  
Rose, mellow'd through the silver gleam,  
Soft as the landscape of a dream.  
All motionless and dewy wet,  
Tree, vine, and flower in shadow met:  
The myrtle with its snowy bloom,  
Crossing the nightshade's solemn gloom—  
12

The white cecropia's silver rind  
Relieved by deeper green behind,—  
The orange with its fruit of gold,—  
The lithe paullinia's verdant fold,—  
The passion-flower, with symbol holy,  
Twining its tendrils long and lowly,—  
The rhexias dark, and cassia tall,  
And, proudly rising over all,  
The kingly palm's imperial stem,  
Crown'd with its leafy diadem,—  
Star-like, beneath whose sombre shade,  
The fiery-wing'd cucullo play'd!

Yes—lovely was thine aspect, then,  
Fair island of the Western Sea!  
Lavish of beauty, even when  
Thy brutes were happier than thy men,  
For *they*, at least, were *free*!  
Regardless of thy glorious clime,  
Unmindful of thy soil of flowers,  
The toiling negro sigh'd, that Time  
No faster sped his hours.  
For, by the dewy moonlight still,  
He fed the weary-turning mill,  
Or bent him in the chill morass,  
To pluck the long and tangled grass,  
And hear above his scar-worn back  
The heavy slave-whip's frequent crack;  
While in his heart one evil thought  
In solitary madness wrought,—

One baleful fire surviving still  
The quenching of th' immortal mind—  
One sterner passion of his kind,  
Which even fetters could not kill,—  
The savage hope, to deal, ere long,  
A vengeance bitterer than his wrong!

Hark to that cry!—long, loud and shrill,  
From field and forest, rock and hill,  
Thrilling and horrible it rang,  
Around, beneath, above;—  
The wild beast from his cavern sprang—  
The wild bird from her grove!  
Nor fear, nor joy, nor agony  
Were mingled in that midnight cry;  
But, like the lion's growl of wrath,  
When falls that hunter in his path,  
Whose barbed arrow, deeply set,  
Is rankling in his bosom yet,  
It told of hate, full, deep and strong,—  
Of vengeance kindling out of wrong;  
It was as if the crimes of years—  
The unrequited toil—the tears—  
The shame and hate, which liken well  
Earth's garden to the nether Hell,  
Had found in Nature's self a tongue,  
On which the gather'd horror hung;  
As if from cliff, and stream, and glen,  
Burst, on the startled ears of men,  
That voice which rises unto God,  
Solemn and stern—the cry of blood!

It ceased—and all was still once more,  
Save ocean chafing on his shore,  
The sighing of the wind between  
The broad banana's leaves of green,  
Or bough by restless plumage shook,  
Or murmuring voice of mountain brook.

Brief was the silence. Once again  
Peal'd to the skies that frantic yell—  
Glow'd on the heavens a fiery stain,  
And flashes rose and fell;  
And, painted on the blood-red sky,  
Dark, naked arms were toss'd on high;  
And, round the white man's lordly hall,  
Trode, fierce and free, *the brute he made*;  
And those who crept along the wall,  
And answer'd to his lightest call  
With more than spaniel dread—  
The creatures of his lawless beck—  
Were trampling on his very neck!  
And, on the night-air, wild and clear,  
Rose woman's shriek of more than fear;  
For bloodied arms were round her thrown,  
And dark cheeks press'd against her own!

Then, injured Afric!—for the shame  
Of thy own daughters, vengeance came  
Full on the scornful hearts of those,  
Who mock'd thee in thy nameless woes,  
And to thy hapless children gave  
One choice—pollution, or the grave!

Dark-brow'd Toussaint!—The storm had risen  
Obedient to his master-call—  
The Negro's mind had burst its prison—  
His hand its iron thrall!  
Yet where was he, whose fiery zeal  
First taught the trampled heart to feel,  
Until Despair itself grew strong,  
And Vengeance fed its torch from wrong?  
Now—when the thunder-bolt is speeding;  
Now—when oppression's heart is bleeding;  
Now—when the latent curse of Time  
Is raining down, in fire and blood—  
That curse which, through long years of crime,  
Has gather'd, drop by drop, its flood—  
Why strikes he not, the foremost one,  
Where Murder's sternest deeds are done?

He stood the aged palms beneath,  
That shadow'd o'er his humble door,  
Listening, with half-suspended breath,  
To the wild sounds of fear and death—  
Toussaint l'Ouverture!  
What marvel that his heart beat high!  
The blow for freedom had been given;  
And blood had answer'd to the cry  
Which earth sent up to Heaven!  
What marvel, that a fiesce delight  
Smiled grimly o'er his brow of night,  
As groan, and shout, and bursting flame,  
Told where the midnight tempest came,  
With blood and fire along its van,  
And death behind!--he was a MAN!

Yes, dark-soul'd chieftain!—if the light  
 Of mild Religion's heavenly ray  
 Unveil'd not to thy mental sight  
 The lowlier and the purer way,  
 In which the Holy Sufferer trod,  
 Meekly amidst the sons of crime,—  
 That calm reliance upon God  
 For justice, in His own good time,—  
 That gentleness, to which belongs  
 Forgiveness for its many wrongs,  
 Even as the primal martyr, kneeling  
 For mercy on the evil-dealing,—  
 Let not the favor'd white man name  
 Thy stern appeal, with words of blame.  
 Has *he* not, with the light of Heaven  
 Broadly around him, made the same?  
 Yea, on a thousand war-fields striven,  
 And gloried in his open shame?—  
 Kneeling amidst his brothers' blood,  
 To offer mockery unto God,  
 As if the High and Holy One  
 Could smile on deeds of murder done!—  
 As if a human sacrifice  
 Were purer in His holy eyes,  
 Though offer'd up by Christian hands,  
 Than the foul rites of Pagan lands!

\* \* \* \*

Sternly, amidst his household band,  
 His carbine grasp'd within his hand,  
 The white man stood, prepared and still,

Waiting the shock of madden'd men,  
 Unchain'd, and fierce as tigers, when  
     'The horn winds through their cavern'd hill.  
 And one was weeping in his sight,—  
     The fairest flower of all the isle,—  
 The bride who seem'd but yesternight  
     The image of a smile.  
 And, clinging to her trembling knee,  
 Look'd up the form of infancy,  
 With tearful glance in either face,  
 The secret of its fear to trace.

“Ha—stand, or die!” The white man's eye  
     His steady musket gleam'd along,  
 As a tall Negro hasten'd nigh,  
     With fearless step and strong.  
 “What, ho, Toussaint!” A moment more,  
 His shadow cross'd the lighted floor.  
 “Away,” he shouted; “fly with me,—  
 The white man's bark is on the sea;—  
 Her sails must catch the seaward wind,  
 For sudden vengeance sweeps behind.  
 Our brethren from their graves have spoken,  
 The yoke is spurn'd—the chain is broken;  
 On all the hills our fires are glowing—  
 Through all the vales red blood is flowing!  
 No more the mocking White shall rest  
 His foot upon the Negro's breast;  
 No more, at morn or eve, shall drip  
 The warm blood from the driver's whip:—  
 Yet, though Toussaint has vengeance sworn  
 For all the wrongs his race have borne,—



Though for each drop of Negro blood,  
 The white man's veins shall pour a flood;  
 Not all alone the sense of ill  
 Around his heart is lingering still,  
 Nor deeper can the white man feel  
 The generous warmth of grateful zeal.  
 Friends of the Negro! fly with me—  
 The path is open to the sea:  
 Away, for life!"—He spoke, and press'd  
 The young child to his manly breast,  
 As, headlong, through the cracking cane,  
 Down swept the dark insurgent train—  
 Drunken and grim—with shout and yell  
 Howl'd through the dark, like sounds from hell!

Far out, in peace, the white man's sail  
 Sway'd free before the sunrise gale.  
 Cloud-like that island hung afar,  
     Along the bright horizon's verge,  
 O'er which the curse of servile war  
     Roll'd its red torrent, surge on surge.  
 And he—the Negro champion—where  
     In the fierce tumult, struggled he?  
 Go trace him by the fiery glare  
 Of dwellings in the midnight air—  
 The yells of triumph and despair—  
     The streams that crimson to the sea!

Sleep calmly in thy dungeon-tomb,  
     Beneath Besançon's alien sky,  
 Dark Haytien!—for the time shall come,—  
     Yea, even now is nigh—

When, every where, thy name shall be  
 Redeem'd from *color's infamy*;  
 And men shall learn to speak of thee,  
 As one of earth's great spirits, born  
 In servitude, and nursed in scorn,  
 Casting aside the weary weight  
 And fetters of its low estate,  
 In that strong majesty of soul,  
     Which knows no color, tongue or clime—  
 Which still hath spurn'd the base control  
     Of tyrants through all time!  
 Far other hands than mine may wreath  
 The laurel round thy brow of death,  
 And speak thy praise, as one whose word  
 A thousand fiery spirits stir'd,—  
 Who crush'd his foeman as a worm—  
 Whose step on human hearts fell firm:—\*

\* The reader may, perhaps, call to mind the beautiful sonnet of William Wordsworth, addressed to Toussaint l'Ouverture, during his confinement in France.

“Toussaint!—thou most unhappy man of men!  
     Whether the whistling rustic tends his plough  
     Within thy hearing, or thou liest now  
 Buried in some deep dungeon's earless den;  
 Oh, miserable chieftain!—where and when  
     Wilt thou find patience?—Yet, die not; do thou  
     Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow:  
 Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,  
 Live and take comfort. Thou hast left behind  
 Powers that will work for thee; air, earth, and skies,—  
 There's not a breathing of the common wind  
     That will forget thee: thou hast great allies.  
 Thy friends are exultations, agonies,  
     And love, and man's unconquerable mind.”

Be mine the better task to find  
A tribute for thy lofty mind,  
Amidst whose gloomy vengeance shone  
Some milder virtues all thine own,—  
Some gleams of feeling pure and warm,  
Like sunshine on a sky of storm,—  
Proofs that the Negro's heart retains  
Some nobleness amidst its chains,—  
That kindness to the wrong'd is never  
    Without its excellent reward,—  
Holy to human-kind, and ever  
    Acceptable to God,

## ✓ THE YANKEE GIRL.

SHE sings by her wheel, at that low cottage-door,  
Which the long evening shadow is stretching before,  
With a music as sweet as the music which seems  
Breathed softly and faint in the ear of our dreams!

How brilliant and mirthful the light of her eye,  
Like a star glancing out from the blue of the sky!  
And lightly and freely her dark tresses play  
O'er a brow and a bosom as lovely as they!

Who comes in his pride to that low cottage-door—  
The haughty and rich to the humble and poor?  
'Tis the great Southern planter—the master who waves  
His whip of dominion o'er hundreds of slaves.

“Nay, Ellen—for shame! Let those Yankee fools spin,  
Who would pass for our slaves with a change of their skin;  
Let them toil as they will at the loom or the wheel,  
Too stupid for shame, and too vulgar to feel!

But thou art too lovely and precious a gem  
To be bound to their burdens and sullied by them—  
For shame, Ellen, shame!—cast thy bondage aside,  
And away to the South, as my blessing and pride.

Oh, come where no winter thy footsteps can wrong,  
But where flowers are blossoming all the year long,  
Where the shade of the palm tree is over my home,  
And the lemon and orange are white in their bloom!


Oh, come to my home, where my servants shall all  
Depart at thy bidding and come at thy call;  
They shall heed thee as mistress with trembling and awe,  
And each wish of thy heart shall be felt as a law."

Oh, could ye have seen her—that pride of our girls—  
Arise and cast back the dark wealth of her curls,  
With a scorn in her eye which the gazer could feel,  
And a glance like the sunshine that flashes on steel!

"Go back, haughty Southron! thy treasures of gold  
Are dim with the blood of the hearts thou hast sold;  
Thy home may be lovely, but round it I hear  
The crack of the whip and the footsteps of fear!

And the sky of thy South may be brighter than ours,  
And greener thy landscapes, and fairer thy flowers;  
But, dearer the blast round our mountains which raves,  
Than the sweet summer zephyr which breathes over slaves!

Full low at thy bidding thy negroes may kneel,  
With the iron of bondage on spirit and heel;  
Yet know that the Yankee girl sooner would be  
In *fetters* with *them*, than in freedom with *thee*!"



TO WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

CHAMPION of those who groan beneath  
Oppression's iron hand :  
In view of penury, hate and death,  
I see thee fearless stand,  
Still bearing up thy lofty brow,  
In the steadfast strength of truth,  
In manhood sealing well the vow  
And promise of thy youth.

Go on!—for thou hast chosen well ;  
On, in the strength of God !  
Long as one human heart shall swell  
Beneath the tyrant's rod.  
Speak in a slumbering nation's ear,  
As thou hast ever spoken,  
Until the dead in sin shall hear—  
The fetter's link be broken !

I love thee with a brother's love,  
I feel my pulses thrill,  
To mark thy spirit soar above  
The cloud of human ill.  
My heart hath leap'd to answer thine,  
And echo back thy words,  
As leaps the warrior's at the shine  
And flash of kindred swords !

'They tell me thou art rash and vain—  
A searcher after fame—  
That thou art striving but to gain  
A long enduring name—  
That thou hast nerved the Afric's hand,  
And steel'd the Afric's heart,  
To shake aloft his vengeful brand,  
And rend his chain apart.

Have I not known thee well, and read  
Thy mighty purpose long!  
And watch'd the trials which have made  
Thy human spirit strong?  
And shall the slanderer's demon breath  
Avail with one like me,  
To dim the sunshine of my faith  
And earnest trust in thee?

Go on—the dagger's point may glare  
Amid thy pathway's gloom—  
The fate which sternly threatens there  
*Is glorious martyrdom!*  
Then onward with a martyr's zeal—  
Press on to thy reward—  
The hour when man shall only kneel  
Before his Father—God

STANZAS FOR THE TIMES.—1844.

Written on reading the sentence of John L. Brown, of South Carolina, to be executed on the 25th of Fourth month, 1844, for the crime of assisting a female slave to escape from bondage.

Ho! thou who seekest late and long  
A license from the Holy Book  
For brutal lust and Hell's red wrong,  
Man of the Pulpit, look!—  
Lift up those cold and Atheist eyes,  
This ripe fruit of thy teaching see;  
And tell us how to Heaven will rise  
The incense of *this* sacrifice—  
*This* blossom of the Gallows Tree!—

Search out for SLAVERY's hour of need  
Some fitting text of sacred writ;\*  
Give Heaven the credit of a deed  
Which shames the nether pit.  
Kneel, smooth blasphemer, unto Him  
Whose truth is on thy lips a lie,  
Ask that His bright-winged cherubim  
May bend around that scaffold grim  
To guard and bless and sanctify!—

\* Three new publications from the pens of Dr. Junkin, President of Miami College, Alexander McCalne of the Methodist Protestant church, and of a clergyman of the Cincinnati Synod, defending Slavery on Scriptural ground, have recently made their appearance.



Ho! champion of the people's cause—  
Suspend thy loud and vain rebuke  
Of foreign wrong and Old World laws,  
Man of the Senate, look!—  
Was *this* the promise of the free,—  
The great hope of our early time,—  
That Slavery's poison vine should be  
Upborne by Freedom's prayer-nursed tree,  
O'erclustered with *such* fruits of crime!—

Send out the summons, East and West,  
And South and North, let all be there,  
Where he who pitied the oppressed  
Swings out in sun and air.  
Let not a democratic hand  
The grisly hangman's task refuse;  
There let each loyal patriot stand  
Awaiting Slavery's command  
To twist the rope and draw the noose!

But vain is irony—unmeet  
Its cold rebuke for deeds which start  
In fiery and indignant beat  
The pulses of the heart.  
Leave studied wit, and guarded phrase,  
For those who *think* but do not *feel*;  
Let MEN speak out in words which raise,  
Where'er they fall, an answering blaze,  
Like flints which strike the fire from steel.

Still let a mousing Priesthood ply  
    Their garbled text and gloss of sin,  
And make the lettered scroll deny  
    Its living soul within ;  
Still let the place-fed titled knave  
    Plead Robbery's right with purchased lips,  
And tell us that our fathers gave  
For Freedom's pedestal, a slave,  
    For frieze and moulding, chains and whips!—

But ye who own that higher law  
    Whose tables in the heart are set,  
Speak out in words of power and awe  
    That GOD IS LIVING YET !  
Breathe forth once more those tones sublime  
    Which thrilled the burdened Prophet's lyre,  
And in a dark and evil time  
Smote down on Israel's fast of crime  
    And gift of blood, a rain of fire !

Oh, not for us the graceful lay,  
    To whose soft measures lightly move  
The Dryad and the woodland Fay,  
    O'erlooked by Mirth and Love ;  
But such a stern and startling strain  
    As Britain's hunted bards flung down  
From Snowden, to the conquered plain,  
Where harshly clanked the Saxon chain  
    On trampled field and smoking town.

By Liberty's dishonored name,  
By man's lost hope, and failing trust,  
By words and deeds which bow with shame  
Our foreheads to the dust,—  
By the exulting Tyrant's sneer,  
Borne to us from the Old World's thrones,  
And by their grief who, pining, hear,  
In sunless mines and dungeons drear,  
How Freedom's land her faith disowns!—

Speak out in *acts*; the time for words  
Has passed, and deeds alone suffice;  
In the loud clang of meeting swords  
The softer music dies!  
Act—act in God's name, while ye may,  
Smite from the Church her leprous limb,  
Throw open to the light of day  
The bondman's cell, and break away  
The chains the State has bound on him.

Ho! every true and living soul,  
To Freedom's perilled altar bear  
The freeman's and the Christian's whole,  
Tongue, pen, and vote, and prayer!  
One last great battle for the Right,—  
One short, sharp struggle to be free!—  
To do is to succeed—our fight  
Is waged in Heaven's approving sight—  
The smile of God is Victory!

## SONG OF THE FREE.

“Living, I shall assert the right of FREE DISCUSSION; dying, I shall assert it; and, should I leave no other inheritance to my children, by the blessing of God I will leave them the inheritance of FREE PRINCIPLES, and the example of a manly and independent defence of them.”—*Daniel Webster.*

PRIDE of New England!  
Soul of our fathers!  
Shrink we all craven-like,  
When the storm gathers?  
What though the tempest be  
Over us lowering,  
Where's the New Englander  
Shamefully cowering?  
Graves green and holy  
Around us are lying,—  
Free were the sleepers all,  
Living and dying!

Back with the Southerner's  
Padlocks and scourges!  
Go—let him fetter down  
Ocean's free surges!  
Go—let him silence  
Winds, clouds, and waters—  
Never New England's own  
Free sons and daughters!

Free as our rivers are  
    Ocean-ward going—  
Free as the breezes are  
    Over us blowing.

Up to our altars, then,  
    Haste we, and summon  
Courage and loveliness,  
    Manhood and woman!  
Deep let our pledges be:  
    Freedom for ever!  
Truce with Oppression,  
    Never, oh! never!  
By our own birthright-gift,  
    Granted of Heaven—  
Freedom for heart and lip,  
    Be the pledge given!

If we have whisper'd truth,  
    Whisper no longer;  
Speak as the tempest does,  
    Stern and stronger;  
Still be the tones of truth  
    Louder and firmer,  
Startling the haughty South  
    With the deep murmur:  
God and our Charter's right,  
    Freedom for ever!  
Truce with Oppression,  
    Never, oh! never!

## THE HUNTERS OF MEN.\*

HAVE ye heard of our hunting, o'er mountain and glen,  
Through cane-brake and forest—the hunting of men?  
The lords of our land to this hunting have gone,  
As the fox-hunter follows the sound of the horn:  
Hark!—the cheer and the hallo!—the crack of the whip,  
And the yell of the hound as he fastens his grip!  
All blithe are our hunters, and noble their match—  
Though *hundreds* are caught, there are *millions* to catch  
So speed to their hunting, o'er mountain and glen,  
Through cane-brake and forest—the hunting of men!

Gay luck to our hunters!—how nobly they ride  
In the glow of their zeal, and the strength of their pride!—  
The Priest with his cassock flung back on the wind,  
Just screening the politic Statesman behind—  
The saint and the sinner, with cursing and prayer—  
The drunk and the sober, ride merrily there.  
And woman—kind woman—wife, widow and maid—  
For *the good of the hunted*, is lending her aid:  
Her foot's in the stirrup—her hand on the rein—  
How blithely she rides to the hunting of men!

Oh! goodly and grand is our hunting to see,  
In this “land of the brave and this home of the free.”

\* Written on reading the report of the proceedings of the American Colonization Society, at its annual meeting in 1831.

Priest, warrior, and statesman, from Georgia to Maine,  
 All mounting the saddle—all grasping the rein—  
 Right merrily hunting the black man, whose sin  
 Is the curl of his hair and the hue of his skin!  
 Wo, now, to the hunted who turns him at bay!  
 Will our hunters be turn'd from their purpose and prey?  
 Will their hearts fail within them?—their nerves tremble,  
     when  
 All roughly they ride to the hunting of men?

Ho!—ALMS for our hunters! all weary and faint  
 Wax the curse of the sinner and prayer of the saint.  
 The horn is wound faintly—the echoes are still  
 Over cane-brake and river, and forest and hill.  
 Haste—alms for our hunters! the hunted once more  
 Have turn'd from their flight with their backs to the shore:  
 What right have *they* here in the home of the white,  
 Shadow'd o'er by *our* banner of Freedom and Right?  
 Ho!—alms for the hunters! or never again  
 Will they ride in their pomp to the hunting of men!

ALMS—ALMS for our hunters! why *will* ye delay,  
 When their pride and their glory are melting away?  
 The parson has turn'd; for, on charge of his own,  
 Who goeth a warfare, or hunting, alone?  
 The politic statesman looks back with a sigh—  
 There is doubt in his heart—there is fear in his eye.  
 Oh! haste, lest that doubting and fear shall prevail,  
 And the head of his steed take the place of the tail.  
 Oh! haste, ere he leave us! for who will ride then,  
 For pleasure or gain, to the hunting of men?

## TO GOV. M'DUFFIE.

"The patriarchal institution of slavery,"—"the corner-stone of our republican edifice."—*Gov. M'Duffie.*

KING of Carolina—hail!

Last champion of Oppression's battle!  
Lord of rice-tierce and cotton-bale!  
Of sugar-box and human cattle!  
Around thy temples, green and dark,  
Thy own tobacco-wreath reposes;  
Thyself, a brother Patriarch  
Of Isaac, Abraham, and Moses!

Why not?—Their household rule is thine;  
Like theirs, thy bondmen feel its rigor;  
And thine, perchance, as concubine,  
Some swarthy counterpart of Hagar.  
Why not?—Like patriarchs of old,  
The priesthood is thy chosen station;  
Like them thou payest thy rites to gold—  
An Aaron's calf of Nullification.

All fair and softly!—Must we, then,  
From Ruin's open jaws to save us,  
Upon our own free working men  
Confer a master's special favors?  
Whips for the back—chains for the heels—  
Hooks for the nostrils of Democracy,



Before it spurns as well as feels  
The riding of the Aristocracy!

Ho!—fishermen of Marblehead!

Ho!—Lynn cordwainers, leave your leather  
And wear the yoke in kindness made,  
And clank your needful chains together!  
Let Lowell mills their thousands yield,  
Down let the rough Vermonter hasten,  
Down from the workshop and the field,  
And thank us for each chain we fasten.

SLAVES in the rugged Yankee land!

I tell thee, Carolinian, never!  
Our rocky hills and iron strand  
Are free, and shall be free for ever.  
The surf shall wear that strand away,  
Our granite hills in dust shall moulder,  
Ere Slavery's hateful yoke shall lay,  
Unbroken, on a Yankee's shoulder!

No, George M'Duffie!—keep thy words

For the mail plunderers of thy city,  
Whose robber-right is in their swords;  
For recreant Priest and Lynch-Committee!  
Go, point thee to thy cannon's mouth,  
And swear its brazen lips are better,  
To guard "the interests of the South,"  
Than parchment scroll, or Charter's letter.\*

\* See Speech of Gov. M'D. to an artillery company in Charleston, S. C

We fear not. Streams which brawl most loud  
Along their course, are oftenest shallow ;  
And loudest to a doubting crowd  
The coward publishes his valor.  
*Thy* courage has at least been shown  
In many a bloodless Southern quarrel,  
Facing, with hartshorn and cologne,  
The Georgian's harmless pistol-barrel.\*

No, Southron ! not in Yankee land  
Will threats, like thine, a fear awaken ;  
The men, who on their charter stand  
For truth and right, may not be shaken.  
Still shall that truth assail thine ear ;  
Each breeze, from Northern mountains blowing.  
The tones of Liberty shall bear—  
God's "free incendiaries" going !

We give thee joy !—thy name is heard  
With reverence on the Neva's borders ;  
And "turban'd Turk," and Poland's lord,  
And Metternich, are thy applauders.  
Go—if thou lov'st *such* fame, and share  
The mad Ephesian's base example—  
The holy bonds of UNION tear,  
And clap the torch to FREEDOM's temple !

\* Most of our readers will recollect the "chivalrous" affair between M'Duffie and Col. Cummings, of Georgia, some years ago, in which the parties fortified themselves with spirits of hartshorn and *eau de Cologne*.

Do this—Heaven's frown, thy country's curse,  
Guilt's fiery torture ever burning—  
The quenchless thirst of Tantalus,  
And Ixion's wheel for ever turning—  
A name, for which "the pain'dest fiend  
Below" his own would barter never,—  
These shall be thine unto the end—  
Thy damning heritage for ever !

## LINES

Written on reading "RIGHT AND WRONG IN BOSTON:" containing an account of the meeting of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society, and the MOB which followed, on the 21st of the 10th month, 1835.

UNSHRINKING from the storm,  
Well have ye borne your part,  
With WOMAN's fragile form,  
But more than manhood's heart!  
Faithful to Freedom, when  
Its name was held accursed—  
Faithful, midst ruffian men,  
Unto your holy trust.

Oh—steadfast in the Truth!  
Not for yourselves alone,  
Matron and gentle youth,  
Your lofty zeal was shown:  
For the bondman of all climes—  
For Freedom's last abode—  
For the hope of future times—  
For the birthright gift of God—

For scorn'd and broken laws—  
For honor and the right—  
For the staked and peril'd cause  
Of liberty and tight—

For the holy eyes above  
On a world of evil cast—  
For the CHILDREN of your love—  
For the MOTHERS of the past!

Worthy of THEM are ye—  
The Pilgrim wives who dared  
The waste and unknown sea,  
And the hunter's perils shared.  
Worthy of her\* whose mind,  
Triumphant over all,  
Ruler nor priest could bind,  
Nor banishment appal.

Worthy of her† who died  
Martyr of Freedom, where  
Your "Commons' " verdant pride  
Opens to sun and air:  
Upheld at that dread hour  
By strength which could not fail;  
Before whose holy power  
Bigot and priest turn'd pale.

God give ye strength to run,  
Unawed by Earth or Hell,  
The race ye have begun  
So gloriously and well,

\* Mrs. Hutchinson, who was banished from the Massachusetts Colony, as the easiest method of confuting her doctrines.

† Mary Dyer, the Quaker Martyr, who was hanged in Boston, in 1659, for worshipping God according to the dictates of her conscience.

Until the trumpet-call  
Of Freedom has gone forth,  
With joy and life to all  
The bondmen of the earth!

Until IMMORTAL MIND  
Unshackled walks abroad,  
And chains no longer bind  
*The image of our God.*  
Until no captive one  
Murmurs on land or wave;  
And, in his course, the sun  
Looks down upon no SLAVE!

## DEMOCRACY.

All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even  
so them.—*MATT.* vii. 12.

OH, fairest born of Love and Light,  
Yet bending brow and eye severe  
On all which pains the holy sight,  
Or wounds the pure and perfect ear!

Beautiful yet thy temples rise,  
Though there profaning gifts are thrown;  
And fires unkindled of the skies  
Are glaring round thy altar-stone.

Still sacred—though thy name be breathed  
By those whose hearts thy truth deride;  
And garlands, plucked from thee, are wreathed  
Around the haughty brows of Pride.

Oh, ideal of my boyhood's time!  
The faith in which my father stood,  
Even when the sons of Lust and Crime  
Had stained thy peaceful courts with blood!

Still to those courts my footsteps turn,  
For through the mists which darken there,  
I see the flame of Freedom burn—  
The Kebla of the patriot's prayer!

The generous feeling, pure and warm,  
Which owns the rights of *all* divine—

The pitying heart—the helping arm—  
The prompt self-sacrifice—are thine.

Beneath thy broad, impartial eye,  
How fade the lines of caste and birth !  
How equal in their suffering lie  
The groaning multitudes of earth !

Still to a stricken brother true,  
Whatever clime hath nurtured him ;  
As stooped to heal the wounded Jew  
The worshipper of Gerizim.

By misery unrepelled, unawed  
By pomp or power, thou see'st a MAN  
In prince or peasant—slave or lord—  
Pale priest, or swarthy artisan.

Through all disguise, form, place or name,  
Beneath the flaunting robes of sin,  
Through poverty and squalid shame,  
Thou lookest on *the man* within.

On man, as man, retaining yet,  
Howe'er debased, and soiled, and dim,  
The crown upon his forehead set—  
The immortal gift of God to him.

And there is reverence in thy look ;  
For that frail form which mortals wear  
The Spirit of the Holiest took  
And veiled His perfect brightness there.



Not from the cold and shallow fount  
Of vain philosophy thou art,  
He who of old on Syria's mount  
Thrilled, warmed, by turns the listener's heart.

In holy words which cannot die,  
In thoughts which angels leaned to know,  
Proclaimed thy message from on high—  
Thy mission to a world of wo.

That voice's echo hath not died!  
From the blue lake of Galilee,  
And Tabor's lonely mountain side,  
It calls a struggling world to thee.

Thy name and watchword o'er this land  
I hear in every breeze that stirs,  
And round a thousand altars stand  
Thy banded Party worshippers.

Not to these altars of a day,  
At Party's call, my gift I bring;  
But on thy olden shrine I lay  
A freeman's dearest offering;

The voiceless utterance of his will—  
His pledge to Freedom and to Truth,  
That manhood's heart remembers still  
The homage of its generous youth.

## THE CHRISTIAN SLAVE.

In a late publication of L. F. Tesistro, "Random Shots and Southern Breezes," is a description of a slave auction at New Orleans, at which the auctioneer recommended the woman on the stand as "A GOOD CHRISTIAN!"

A CHRISTIAN! going, gone!  
Who bids for God's own image?—for his grace  
Which that poor victim of the market-place  
Hath in her suffering won?

My God! can such things be?  
Hast thou not said that whatsoe'er is done  
Unto Thy weakest and Thy humblest one,  
Is even done to Thee?

In that sad victim, then,  
Child of Thy pitying love, I see Thee stand—  
Once more the jest-word of a mocking band,  
Bound, sold, and scourged again!

A Christian up for sale!  
Wet with her blood your whips—o'ertask her frame,  
Make her life loathsome with your wrong and shame,  
*Her* patience shall not fail!

A *heathen* hand might deal  
Back on your heads the gathered wrong of years,  
But *her* low, broken prayer and nightly tears,  
Ye neither heed nor feel.

Con well thy lesson o'er,  
Thou *prudent* teacher—tell the toiling slave  
No dangerous tale of Him who came to seek and save  
The outcast and the poor.

But wisely shut the ray  
Of God's *free* Gospel from her simple heart,  
And to her darkened mind alone impart  
One stern command—"OBEY!"\*

So shalt thou deftly raise  
The market price of human flesh; and while  
On thee, their pampered guest, the planters smile,  
Thy church shall praise.

Grave reverend men shall tell  
From Northern pulpits how thy work was blest,  
While in that vile South Sodom, first and best,  
Thy poor disciples sell.

Oh, shame! the Moslem thrall,  
Who, with his master, to the Prophet kneels,  
While turning to the sacred Kebla feels  
His fetters break and fall.

\* There is in Liberty county, Georgia, an Association for the religious instruction of Negroes. Their seventh annual report contains an address by the *Rev. Josiah Spry Law*, from which we extract the following:—"There is a growing interest, in this community, in the religious instruction of Negroes. There is a conviction that religious instruction promotes the *quiet and order* of the people, and the pecuniary *interest* of the owners."

Cheers for the turbaned Bey  
Of robber-peopled Tunis! he hath torn  
The dark slave-dungeons open, and hath borne  
Their inmates into day:

But *our* poor slave in vain  
Turns to the Christian shrine his aching eyes—  
Its rites will only swell his market price,  
And rivet on his chain.\*

God of all right! how long  
Shall priestly robbers at Thine altar stand,  
Lifting in prayer to Thee, the bloody hand  
And haughty brow of wrong?

Oh, from the fields of cane,  
From the low rice-swamp, from the trader's cell—  
From the black slave-ship's foul and loathsome hell,  
And coffle's weary chain,—

Hoarse, horrible, and strong,  
Rises to Heaven that agonizing cry,  
Filling the arches of the hollow sky,  
How LONG, OH GOD, HOW LONG?

\* We often see advertisements in the Southern papers, in which individual slaves, or several of a lot, are recommended as "*pious*," or as "*members of churches*." Lately we saw a slave advertised, who, among other qualifications, was described as "*a Baptist preacher*."

## THE SLAVE SHIPS.

“—————That fatal, that perfidious bark,  
Built i' the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark.”

*Milton's Lycidas.*

The French ship *Le Rodeur*, with a crew of twenty-two men, and with one hundred and sixty negro slaves, sailed from Bonny in Africa, April, 1819. On approaching the line, a terrible malady broke out—an obstinate disease of the eyes—contagious, and altogether beyond the resources of medicine. It was aggravated by the scarcity of water among the slaves, (only half a wine-glass per day being allowed to an individual,) and by the extreme impurity of the air in which they breathed. By the advice of the physician, they were brought upon deck occasionally; but some of the poor wretches, locking themselves in each other's arms, leaped overboard, in the hope, which so universally prevails among them, of being swiftly transported to their own homes in Africa. To check this, the captain ordered several, who were stopped in the attempt, to be shot, or hanged, before their companions. The disease extended to the crew; and one after another were smitten with it, until only *one* remained unaffected. Yet even this dreadful condition did not preclude calculation: to save the expense of supporting slaves rendered unsaleable, and to obtain grounds for a claim against the underwriters, *thirty-six of the negroes, having become blind, were thrown into the sea and drowned!*

In the midst of their dreadful fears lest the solitary individual, whose sight remained unaffected, should also be seized with the malady, a sail was discovered. It was the Spanish slaver, *Leon*. The same disease had been there; and, horrible to tell, all the crew had become blind! Unable to assist each other, the vessels parted. The Spanish ship has never since been heard of. The *Rodeur* reached Guadaloupe on the 21st of June; the only man who had escaped the disease, and had thus been enabled to steer the slaver into port, caught it in three days after its arrival.—*Speech of M. Benjamin Constant, in the French Chamber of Deputies, June 17, 1820.*

“ALL ready?” cried the captain;  
“Ay, ay!” the seamen said;  
“Heave up the worthless lubbers—  
The dying and the dead.”

Up from the slave-ship's prison  
Fierce, bearded heads were thrust—  
“Now let the sharks look to it—  
Toss up the dead ones first!”

Corpse after corpse came up,—  
Death had been busy there;  
Where every blow is mercy,  
Why should the Spoiler spare?  
Corpse after corpse they cast  
Sullenly from the ship,  
Yet bloody with the traces  
Of fetter-link and whip.

Gloomily stood the captain,  
With his arms upon his breast,  
With his cold brow sternly knotted,  
And his iron lip compress'd.  
“Are all the dead dogs over?”  
Growl'd through that matted lip—  
“The blind ones are no better,  
Let's lighten the good ship.”

Hark! from the ship's dark bosom,  
The very sounds of Hell!  
The ringing clank of iron—  
The maniac's short, sharp yell!—  
The hoarse, low curse, throat-stifled—  
The starving infant's moan—  
The horror of a breaking heart  
Pour'd through a mother's groan!

Up from that loathsome prison  
 The stricken blind ones came :  
 Below, had all been darkness—  
 Above, was still the same.  
 Yet the holy breath of Heaven  
 Was sweetly breathing there,  
 And the heated brow of fever  
 Cool'd in the soft sea air.

“Overboard with them, shipmates !”  
 Cutlass and dirk were plied ;  
 Fetter'd and blind, one after one,  
 Plunged down the vessel's side.  
 The sabre smote above—  
 Beneath, the lean shark lay,  
 Waiting with wide and bloody jaw  
 His quick and human prey.

God of the Earth ! what cries  
 Rang upward unto Thee ?  
 Voices of agony and blood,  
 From ship-deck and from sea.  
 The last dull plunge was heard—  
 The last wave caught its stain—  
 And the unsated shark look'd up  
 For human hearts in vain.

\* \* \* \*

Red glow'd the Western waters—  
 The setting sun was there,  
 Scattering alike on wave and cloud  
 His fiery mesh of hair.

Amidst a group in blindness,  
A solitary eye  
Gazed, from the burden'd slaver's deck,  
Into that burning sky.

"A storm," spoke out the gazer,  
"Is gathering and at hand—  
Curse on 't—I'd give my other eye  
For one firm rood of land."  
And then he laugh'd—but only  
His echo'd laugh replied—  
For the blinded and the suffering  
Alone were at his side.

Night settled on the waters,  
And on a stormy heaven,  
While fiercely on that lone ship's track  
The thunder-gust was driven.  
"A sail!—thank God, a sail!"  
And, as the helmsman spoke,  
Up through the stormy murmur,  
A shout of gladness broke.

Down came the stranger vessel  
Unheeding on her way,  
So near, that on the slaver's deck  
Fell off her driven spray.  
"Ho! for the love of mercy—  
We're perishing and blind!"  
A wail of utter agony  
Came back upon the wind:



"Help *us!* for we are stricken  
 With blindness every one;  
 Ten days we 've floated fearfully,  
 Unnoting star or sun.  
 Our ship 's the slaver Leon—  
 We 've but a score on board—  
 Our slaves are all gone over—  
 Help—for the love of God!"

On livid brows of agony  
 The broad red lightning shone—  
 But the roar of wind and thunder  
 Stifled the answering groan.  
 Wail'd from the broken waters  
 A last despairing cry,  
 As, kindling in the stormy light,  
 The stranger ship went by.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the sunny Gaudaloupe  
 A dark hull'd vessel lay—  
 With a crew who noted never  
 The night-fall or the day.  
 The blossom of the orange  
 Was white by every stream,  
 And tropic leaf, and flower, and bird  
 Were in the warm sun-beam.

And the sky was bright as ever  
 And the moonlight slept as well,  
 On the palm-trees by the hill-side,  
 And the streamlet of the dell;

And the glances of the Creole  
Were still as archly deep,  
And her smiles as full as ever  
Of passion and of sleep.

But vain were bird and blossom,  
The green earth and the sky,  
And the smile of human faces,  
To the ever darken'd eye;  
For, amidst a world of beauty,  
The slaver went abroad,  
With his ghastly visage written  
By the awful curse of God!

STANZAS FOR THE TIMES.\*

Is this the land our fathers loved,  
The freedom which they toil'd to win?  
Is this the soil whereon they moved?  
Are these the graves they slumber in?  
Are *we* the sons by whom are borne  
The mantles which the dead have worn?  
And shall we crouch above these graves,  
With craven soul and fetter'd lip?  
Yoke in, with mark'd and branded SLAVES,  
And tremble at the driver's whip?  
Bend to the earth our pliant knees,  
And speak—but as our masters please?  
Shall outraged Nature cease to feel?  
Shall Mercy's tears no longer flow?  
Shall ruffian threats of cord and steel—  
The dungeon's gloom—th' assassin's blow,  
Turn back the spirit roused to save  
The Truth—our Country—and the *Slave*?

\* The "Times" alluded to, were those evil times of the pro-slavery meeting in Faneuil Hall for the suppression of Freedom of Speech, lest it should endanger the foundations of commercial society. In view of the outrages which a careful observation of the times had enabled him to foresee must spring from the false witness borne against the abolitionists by the speakers at that meeting, well might Garrison say of them, "Sir, I consider the man who fires a city, guiltless in comparison."

Of human skulls that shrine was made,  
 Round which the priests of Mexico  
 Before their loathsome idol pray'd—  
 Is Freedom's altar fashion'd so?  
 And must we yield to Freedom's God,  
 As offering meet, the negro's blood?

Shall tongues be mute, when deeds are wrought  
 Which well might shame extremest Hell?  
 Shall freemen lock th' indignant thought?  
 Shall Mercy's bosom cease to swell?  
 Shall Honor bleed?—Shall Truth succumb?  
 Shall pen, and press, and *soul* be dumb?

No—by each spot of haunted ground,  
 Where Freedom weeps her children's fall—  
 By Plymouth's rock—and Bunker's mound—  
 By Griswold's stain'd and shatter'd wall—  
 By Warren's ghost—by Langdon's shade—  
 By all the memories of our dead!

By their enlarging souls, which burst  
 The bands and fetters round them set—  
 By the FREE PILGRIM SPIRIT nursed  
 Within our inmost bosoms, yet,—  
 By all above—around—below—  
 Be ours th' indignant answer—NO!

No—guided by our country's laws,  
 For truth, and right, and suffering man,

Be ours to strive in Freedom's cause,  
As Christians *may*—as freemen *can*!  
Still pouring on unwilling ears  
That truth oppression only fears.

What! shall we guard our neighbor still,  
While *woman* shrieks beneath his rod,  
And while he tramples down at will  
The image of a common God!  
Shall watch and ward be round him set,  
Of Northern nerve and bayonet?

And shall we know and share with him  
The danger and the open shame?  
And see our Freedom's light grow dim,  
Which should have fill'd the world with flame?  
And, writhing, feel where'er we turn,  
A world's reproach around us burn?

Is't not enough that this is borne?  
And asks our haughty neighbor more?  
Must fetters which his slaves have worn,  
Clank round the Yankee farmer's door?  
Must *he* be told, beside his plough,  
*What* he must speak, and *when*, and *how*?

Must *he* be told his freedom stands  
On Slavery's dark foundations strong—  
On breaking hearts and fetter'd hands,  
On robbery, and crime, and wrong?  
That all his fathers taught is vain—  
That Freedom's emblem is the chain?

Its life—its soul, from *slavery* drawn?  
False—foul—profane! Go—teach as well  
Of holy Truth from Falsehood born!  
Of Heaven refresh'd by airs from Hell!  
Of Virtue in the arms of Vice!  
Of Demons planting Paradise!

Rail on, then, “brethren of the South”—  
Ye shall not hear the truth the less—  
No seal is on the Yankee's mouth,  
No fetter on the Yankee's press!  
From our Green Mountains to the Sea,  
One voice shall thunder—WE ARE FREE!

## LINES,

Written on reading the spirited and manly remarks of Governor RITNER,\* of Pennsylvania, in his Message of 1836, on the subject of Slavery.

THANK God for the token!—one lip is still free—  
One spirit untrammel'd—unbending one knee!  
Like the oak of the mountain, deep-rooted and firm,  
Erect, when the multitude bends to the storm;  
When traitors to Freedom, and Honor, and God,  
Are bow'd at an Idol polluted with blood;  
When the recreant North has forgotten her trust,  
And the lip of her honor is low in the dust,—  
Thank God, that one arm from the shackle has broken!  
Thank God, that one man, as a *freeman*, has spoken!

O'er thy crags, Alleghany, a blast has been blown!  
Down thy tide, Susquehanna, the murmur has gone!  
To the land of the South—of the Charter and Chain—  
Of Liberty sweeten'd with Slavery's pain;  
Where the cant of Democracy dwells on the lips  
Of the forgers of fetters, and wielders of whips!  
Where “chivalric” honor means really no more  
Than scourging of women, and robbing the poor!

\* The fact greatly redounds to the credit, and will serve to perpetuate the memory, of this independent farmer and high-minded statesman, that he alone, of all the Governors in the Union, has met the insulting demands and scare-crow menaces of the South, in a manner becoming a freeman and a hater of slavery, in his Message to the Legislature of Pennsylvania.

Where the Moloch of Slavery sitteth on high,  
And the words which he utters are—WORSHIP, OR DIE!

Right onward, oh, speed it! Wherever the blood  
Of the wrong'd and the guiltless is crying to God;  
Wherever a slave in his fetters is pining;  
Wherever the lash of the driver is twining;  
Wherever from kindred, torn rudely apart,  
Comes the sorrowful wail of the broken of heart;  
Wherever the shackles of tyranny bind,  
In silence and darkness, the God-given mind;  
There, God speed it onward!—its truth will be felt—  
The bonds shall be loosen'd—the iron shall melt!

And oh, will the land where the free soul of PENN  
Still lingers and breathes over mountain and glen—  
Will the land where a BENEZET'S spirit went forth  
To the peel'd, and the meted, and outcast of earth—  
Where the words of the Charter of Liberty first  
From the soul of the sage and the patriot burst—  
Where first, for the wrong'd and the weak of their kind,  
The Christian and Statesman their efforts combin'd—  
Will that land of the free and the good wear a chain?  
Will the call to the rescue of Freedom be vain?

No, RITNER!—her "Friends," at thy warning shall stand  
Erect for the truth, like their ancestral band;  
Forgetting the feuds and the strife of past time,  
Counting coldness injustice, and silence a crime;  
Turning back from the cavil of creeds, to unite  
Once again for the poor in defence of the Right;



Breasting calmly, but firmly, the full tide of Wrong,  
Overwhelm'd, but not borne on its surges along ;  
Unappal'd by the danger, the shame, and the pain,  
And counting each trial for Truth as their gain!

And that bold-hearted yeomanry, honest and true,  
Who, haters of fraud, give to labor its due ;  
Whose fathers, of old, sang in concert with thine,  
On the banks of Swetara, the songs of the Rhine—  
The pure German pilgrims, who first dared to brave  
The scorn of the proud in the cause of the slave:\*—  
Will the sons of such men yield the lords of the South  
One brow for the brand—for the padlock one mouth ?  
*They* cater to tyrants ?—*They* rivet the chain,  
Which their fathers smote off, on the negro again ?

No, NEVER!—one voice, like the sound in the cloud,  
When the roar of the storm waxes loud and more loud,  
Wherever the foot of the freeman hath press'd  
From the Delaware's marge to the Lake of the West,  
On the South-going breezes shall deepen and grow  
Till the land it sweeps over shall tremble below !  
The voice of a PEOPLE—uprisen—awake—  
Pennsylvania's watchword, with Freedom at stake,  
Thrilling up from each valley, flung down from each height,  
"OUR COUNTRY AND LIBERTY!—GOD FOR THE RIGHT!"

It is a remarkable fact, that the first testimony of a religious body against negro slavery, was that of a Society of German "Friends" in Pennsylvania.

## LINES,

Written for the meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society, at Chatham Street Chapel, N. Y., held on the 4th of the 7th month, 1834.

O THOU, whose presence went before  
Our fathers in their weary way,  
As with Thy chosen moved of yore  
The fire by night—the cloud by day!

When from each temple of the free,  
A nation's song ascends to Heaven,  
Most Holy Father! unto Thee  
May not our humble prayer be given?

Thy children all—though hue and form  
Are varied in Thine own good will—  
With Thy own holy breathings warm,  
And fashion'd in Thine image still.

We thank Thee, Father!—hill and plain  
Around us wave their fruits once more,  
And cluster'd vine, and blossom'd grain,  
Are bending round each cottage door.

And peace is here; and hope and love  
Are round us as a mantle thrown,  
And unto Thee, supreme above,  
The knee of prayer is bow'd alone.

But oh, for those this day can bring,  
As unto us, no joyful thrill—  
For those who, under FREEDOM'S wing,  
Are bound in SLAVERY'S fetters still:

For those to whom Thy living word  
Of light and love is never given—  
For those whose ears have never heard  
The promise and the hope of Heaven!

For broken heart, and clouded mind,  
Whereon no human mercies fall—  
Oh, be Thy gracious love inclined,  
Who, as a father, pitiest all!

And grant, O Father! that the time  
Of Earth's deliverance may be near,  
When every land, and tongue, and clime,  
The message of Thy love shall hear—

When, smitten as with fire from Heaven,  
The captive's chain shall sink in dust,  
And to his fetter'd soul be given  
THE GLORIOUS FREEDOM OF THE JUST!

## LINES,

Written for the celebration of the Third Anniversary of British Emancipation, at the Broadway Tabernacle, N. Y., "First of August," 1837.

O HOLY Father!—just and true  
Are all Thy works and words and ways,  
And unto Thee alone are due  
Thanksgiving and eternal praise!  
As children of Thy gracious care,  
We veil the eye—we bend the knee,  
With broken words of praise and prayer,  
Father and God, we come to Thee.

For Thou hast heard, O God of right,  
The sighing of the Island slave;  
And stretched for him the arm of might,  
Not shortened that it could not save.  
The laborer sits beneath his vine,  
The shackled soul and hand are free—  
Thanksgiving!—for the work is Thine!  
Praise!—for the blessing is of Thee!

And oh, we feel Thy presence here—  
Thy awful arm in judgment bare!  
Thine eye hath seen the bondman's tear—  
Thine ear hath heard the bondman's prayer!

Praise!—for the pride of man is low,  
The counsels of the wise are nought,  
The fountains of repentance flow;  
What hath our God in mercy wrought?

Speed on thy work, Lord God of Hosts!  
And when the bondman's chain is riven,  
And swells from all our guilty coasts  
The anthem of the free to Heaven,  
Oh, not to those, whom Thou hast led,  
As with Thy cloud and fire before,  
But unto Thee, in fear and dread,  
Be praise and glory ever more.

## CLERICAL OPPRESSORS.

In the Report of the celebrated pro-slavery meeting in Charleston, S. C., on the 4th of the 9th month, 1835, published in the Courier of that city, it is stated, "*The CLERGY of all denominations attended in a body, LENDING THEIR SANCTION TO THE PROCEEDINGS*, and adding by their presence to the impressive character of the scene!"

JUST God!—and these are they  
Who minister at Thine altar, God of Right!  
Men who their hands with prayer and blessing lay  
On Israel's Ark of light!

What! preach and kidnap men?  
Give thanks—and rob Thy own afflicted poor?  
Talk of Thy glorious liberty, and then  
Bolt hard the captive's door?

What! servants of Thy own  
Merciful Son, who came to seek and save  
The homeless and the outcast,—fettering down  
The task'd and plunder'd slave!

Pilate and Herod, friends!  
Chief priests and rulers, as of old, combine!  
Just God and holy! is that church which lends  
Strength to the spoiler, Thine?

Paid hypocrites, who turn  
Judgment aside, and rob the Holy Book  
Of those high words of truth which search and burn  
In warning and rebuke.

Feed fat, ye locusts, feed!  
And, in your tassel'd pulpits, thank the Lord  
That, from the toiling bondman's utter need,  
Ye pile your own full board.

How long, O Lord! how long  
Shall such a Priesthood barter truth away,  
And, in Thy name, for robbery and wrong  
At Thy own altars pray?

Is not Thy hand stretch'd forth  
Visibly in the heavens, to awe and smite?  
Shall not the living God of all the earth,  
And heaven above, do right?

Woe, then, to all who grind  
Their brethren of a Common Father down!  
To all who plunder from th' immortal mind  
Its bright and glorious crown!

Woe to the Priesthood! woe  
To those whose hire is with the price of blood—  
Perverting, darkening, changing as they go,  
The searching truths of God!

Their glory and their might  
Shall perish; and their very names shall be

Vile before all the people, in the light  
Of a WORLD'S LIBERTY.

Oh! speed the moment on  
When Wrong shall cease.—and Liberty, and Love,  
And Truth, and Right, throughout the earth be known  
As in their home above.



## LINES,

Written on the adoption of Pinckney's Resolutions, in the House of Representatives, and the passage of Calhoun's "Bill of Abominations" to a second reading, in the Senate of the United States.

Now, by our fathers' ashes! where 's the spirit  
Of the true-hearted and the unshackled gone?  
Sons of old freemen, do we but inherit  
Their *names* alone?

Is the old Pilgrim spirit quench'd within us?  
Stoops the proud manhood of our souls so low,  
That Mammon's lure or Party's wile can win us  
To silence now?

No. When our land to ruin's brink is verging,  
In God's name, let us speak while there is time.  
Now, when the padlocks for our lips are forging,  
SILENCE IS CRIME!

What! shall we henceforth humbly ask as favors  
Rights all our own? In madness shall we barter,  
For treacherous peace, the FREEDOM Nature gave us,  
God and our charter?

*Here* shall the statesman seek the free to fetter?  
Here Lynch law light its horrid fires on high?  
And, in the church, their proud and skill'd abettor,  
Make truth a lie?

Torture the pages of the hallow'd Bible,  
 To sanction crime, and robbery, and blood?  
 And, in Oppression's hateful service, libel  
 Both man and God?

Shall our New England stand erect no longer,  
 But stoop in chains upon her downward way,  
 Thicker to gather on her limbs and stronger  
 Day after day?

Oh, no; methinks from all her wild, green mountains—  
 From valleys where her slumbering fathers lie—  
 From her blue rivers and her welling fountains,  
 And clear, cold sky—

From her rough coast, and isles, which hungry Ocean  
 Gnaws with his surges—from the fisher's skiff,  
 With white sail swaying to the billows' motion  
 Round rock and cliff—

From the free fire-side of her unbought farmer—  
 From her free laborer at his loom and wheel—  
 From the brown smith-shop, where, beneath the hammer,  
 Rings the red steel—

From each and all, if God hath not forsaken  
 Our land, and left us to an evil choice,  
 Loud as the summer thunderbolt shall waken  
 A PEOPLE'S VOICE!

Startling and stern! the Northern winds shall bear it  
Over Potomac's to St. Mary's wave;  
And buried Freedom shall awake to hear it  
Within her grave.

Oh, let that voice go forth! The bondman sighing  
By Santee's wave, in Mississippi's cane,  
Shall feel the hope, within his bosom dying,  
Revive again.

Let it go forth! The millions who are gazing  
Sadly upon us from afar, shall smile,  
And unto God devout thanksgiving raising,  
Bless us the while.

Oh, for your ancient freedom, pure and holy,  
For the deliverance of a groaning earth,  
For the wrong'd captive, bleeding, crush'd, and lowly,  
Let it go forth!

Sons of the best of fathers! will ye falter  
With all they left ye peril'd and at stake?  
Ho! once again on Freedom's holy altar  
The fire awake!

Prayer-strengthen'd for the trial, come together,  
Put on the harness for the moral fight,  
And, with the blessing of your heavenly Father,  
MAINTAIN THE RIGHT!

TO MASSACHUSETTS.

WHAT if no Beacon-blazes  
On distant hill-tops shine?  
From all thy own high places,  
Give Heaven the light of thine!  
What if, unthrilled, unmoving,  
The Statesman stands apart,  
And comes no warm approving  
From Mammon'scrowded mart?

Still let the land be shaken  
By a summons of thine own!  
By all save Truth forsaken,  
Why, stand with that alone!  
Shrink not from strife unequal!  
With the best is always hope;  
And ever in the sequel  
God holds the right side up!

But when, with thine uniting,  
Come voices long and loud,  
And far-off hills are writing  
Thy fire-words on the cloud:  
When from Penobscot's fountains  
A deep response is heard,  
And across the Western mountains  
Rolls back thy rallying word;

Shall thy line of battle falter,  
With its allies just in view ?  
Oh, by hearth and holy altar,  
My Father-land, be true !  
Fling abroad thy scrolls of Freedom !  
Speed them onward far and fast !  
Over hill and valley speed them,  
Like the Sybil's on the blast !

Lo ! the Empire State is shaking  
The shackles from her hand ;  
With the rugged North is waking  
The level sunset land !  
On they come—the free battalions !  
East and West and North, they come,  
And the heart-beat of the millions  
Is the beat of Freedom's drum.

“ To the tyrant's plot no favor !  
No heed to place-fed knaves !  
Bar and bolt the door for ever  
Against the land of SLAVES ! ”  
Hear it, Mother Earth, and hear it,  
The Heavens above us spread !  
The land is roused—its spirit  
Was sleeping, but not dead !

## NEW HAMPSHIRE.

God bless New Hampshire!—from her granite peaks,  
Once more the voice of Stark and Langdon speaks.  
The long-bound vassal of th' exulting South  
For very shame her self-forged chain has broken—  
Torn the black seal of slavery from her mouth,  
And in the clear tones of her old time spoken!  
Oh, all undreamed-of, all un hoped-for changes!—  
The tyrant's ally proves his sternest foe;  
To all his biddings, from her mountain ranges,  
New Hampshire thunders an indignant No!  
Who is it now despairs? Oh, faint of heart,  
Look upward to those Northern mountains cold,  
Flouted by Freedom's victor-flag unrolled,  
And gather strength to bear a manlier part!  
All is not lost. The angel of God's blessing  
Encamps with freedom on the field of fight;  
Still to her banner, day by day, are pressing,  
Unlooked for allies, striking for the right!  
Courage, then, Northern hearts!—Be firm, be true:  
What one brave State hath done, can ye not also do?

## LINES,

Written on reading the famous "PASTORAL LETTER" of the Massachusetts General Association, 1837.

So, this is all—the utmost reach  
Of priestly power the mind to fetter!  
When laymen *think*—when women *preach*—  
A war of words—a "Pastoral Letter!"  
Now, shame upon ye, parish Popes!  
Was't thus with those, your predecessors,  
Who seal'd with racks and fire and ropes  
Their loving kindness to transgressors?

A "Pastoral Letter," grave and dull—  
Alas! in hoof and horns and features,  
How different is your Brookfield bull,  
From him who bellows from St. Peters!  
Your pastoral rights and powers from harm,  
Think ye, can *words* alone preserve them?  
Your wiser fathers taught the arm  
And sword of temporal power to serve them.

Oh, glorious days—when Church and State  
Were wedded by your spiritual fathers!  
And on submissive shoulders sat  
Your Wilsons and your Cotton Mathers.

No vile "itinerant" then could mar  
The beauty of your tranquil Zion,  
But at his peril of the scar  
Of hangman's whip and branding-iron.

Then, wholesome laws relieved the Church  
Of heretic and mischief-maker,  
And priest and bailiff joined in search,  
By turns, of Papist, Witch, and Quaker!  
The stocks were at each Church's door,  
The gallows stood on Boston Common,  
A Papist's ears the pillory bore,—  
The gallows-rope, a Quaker woman!

Your fathers dealt not as ye deal  
With "non-professing" frantic teachers;  
They bored the tongue with red-hot steel,  
And flayed the backs of "female preachers."  
Old Newbury, had her fields a tongue,  
And Salem's streets could tell their story,  
Of fainting woman dragged along,  
Gashed by the whip, accursed and gory!

And will ye ask me, why this taunt  
Of memories sacred from the scorner?  
And why with reckless hand I plant  
A nettle on the graves ye honor?  
Not to reproach New-England's dead  
This record from the past I summon,  
Of manhood to the scaffold led,  
And suffering and heroic woman.



No—for *yourselves* alone, I turn  
The pages of intolerance over,  
That, in their spirit, dark and stern,  
Ye haply may your own discover!  
For, if ye claim the "pastoral right"  
To silence Freedom's voice of warning,  
And from your precincts shut the light  
Of Freedom's day around ye dawning;

If when an earthquake voice of power,  
And signs in earth and heaven are showing  
That, forth, in its appointed hour,  
The Spirit of the Lord is going!  
And, with that Spirit, Freedom's light  
On kindred, tongue, and people breaking,  
Whose slumbering millions, at the sight,  
In glory and in strength are waking!

When, for the sighing of the poor,  
And for the needy, God hath risen,  
And chains are breaking, and a door  
Is opening for the souls in prison!  
If then ye would, with puny hands,  
Arrest the very work of Heaven,  
And bind anew the evil bands  
Which God's right arm of power hath riven—

What marvel that, in many a mind,  
Those darker deeds of bigot madness  
Are closely with your own combined,  
Yet "less in anger than in sadness?"

What marvel, if the people learn  
To claim the right of free opinion?  
What marvel, if at times they spurn  
The ancient yoke of your dominion?

Oh, how contrast, with such as ye,  
A LEAVITT'S free and generous bearing!  
A PERRY'S calm integrity,  
A PHELPS' zeal and Christian daring!  
A FOLLEN'S soul of sacrifice,  
And MAY'S with kindness overflowing!  
How green and lovely in the eyes  
Of freemen are their graces growing!

Ay, there 's a glorious remnant yet,  
Whose lips are wet at Freedom's fountains,  
The coming of whose welcome feet  
Is beautiful upon our mountains!  
Men, who the gospel tidings bring  
Of Liberty and Love for ever,  
Whose joy is one abiding spring,  
Whose peace is as a gentle river!

But ye, who scorn the thrilling tale  
Of Carolina's high-soul'd daughters,  
Which echoes here the mournful wail  
Of sorrow from Edisto's waters,  
Close while ye may the public ear—  
With malice vex, with slander wound them—  
The pure and good shall throng to hear,  
And tried and manly hearts surround them.

Oh, ever may the Power which led  
Their way to such a fiery trial,  
And strengthen'd womanhood to tread  
The wine-press of such self-denial,  
Be round them in an evil land,  
With wisdom and with strength from Heaven,  
With Miriam's voice, and Judith's hand,  
And Deborah's song for triumph given!

And what are ye who strive with God,  
Against the ark of His salvation,  
Moved by the breath of prayer abroad,  
With blessings for a dying nation?  
What, but the stubble and the hay  
To perish, even as flax consuming,  
With all that bars His glorious way,  
Before the brightness of His coming?

And thou, sad Angel, who so long  
Hast waited for the glorious token,  
That Earth from all her bonds of wrong  
To liberty and light has broken—  
Angel of Freedom! soon to thee  
The sounding trumpet shall be given,  
And over Earth's full Jubilee  
Shall deeper joy be felt in Heaven!

## THE MORAL WARFARE.

WHEN Freedom, on her natal day,  
Within her war-rock'd cradle lay,  
An iron race around her stood,  
Baptized her infant brow in blood,  
And, through the storm which round her swept,  
Their constant ward and watching kept.

Then, where our quiet herds repose,  
The roar of baleful battle rose,  
And brethren of a common tongue  
To mortal strife as tigers sprung,  
And every gift on Freedom's shrine  
Was man for beast, and blood for wine!

Our fathers to their graves have gone;  
Their strife is past—their triumph won;  
But sterner trials wait the race  
Which rises in their honor'd place—  
A MORAL WARFARE with the crime  
And folly of an evil time.

So let it be. In God's own might  
We gird us for the coming fight,  
And, strong in Him whose cause is ours  
In conflict with unholy powers,  
We grasp the weapons He has given,—  
The Light, and Truth, and Love of Heaven!

## MASSACHUSETTS.

Written on hearing that the Resolutions of the Legislature of Massachusetts on the subject of Slavery, presented by Hon. C. CUSHING to the House of Representatives of the United States, have been laid on the table unread and unREFERRED, under the infamous rule of "PATTON'S RESOLUTION."

AND have they spurn'd *thy* word,  
Thou of the old THIRTEEN!  
Whose soil, where Freedom's blood first pour'd,  
Hath yet a darker green?  
Tread the weak Southron's pride and lust  
Thy name and councils in the dust?

And have they closed thy mouth,  
And fix'd the padlock fast?  
Slave of the mean and tyrant South!  
Is this thy fate at last?  
Old Massachusetts! can it be  
That thus thy sons must speak of thee?

Call from the Capitol  
Thy chosen ones again—  
Unmeet for them the base control  
Of Slavery's curbing reign!  
Unmeet for necks like theirs to feel  
The chafing of the despot's heel!

Ay, let them hasten home,  
And render up their trust;  
Through them the Pilgrim-state is dumb—  
Her proud lip in the dust!  
Her counsels and her gentlest word  
Of warning spurn'd aside, unheard!

Let them come back, and shake  
The base dust from their feet;  
And with their tale of outrage wake  
The free hearts whom they meet;  
And show before indignant men  
The scars where Slavery's chain has been.

Back from the Capitol—  
It is no place for thee!  
Beneath the arch of Heaven's blue wall  
Thy voice may still be free!  
What power shall chain thy spirit there,  
In God's free sun and freer air?

A voice is calling thee,  
From all the martyr graves  
Of those stern men, in death made free,  
Who could not live as slaves.  
The slumberings of thy honor'd dead  
Are for thy sake disquieted!

The curse of Slavery comes  
    Still nearer, day by day;  
Shall thy pure altars and thy homes  
    Become the Spoiler's prey?  
Shall the dull tread of fetter'd slaves  
Sound o'er thy old and holy graves?

Pride of the old THIRTEEN!  
    That curse may yet be stay'd—  
Stand thou, in Freedom's strength, between  
    The living and the dead;  
Stand forth, for God and Liberty,  
In one strong effort worthy thee!

Once more let Faneuil Hall  
    By freemen's feet be trod,  
And give the echoes of its wall  
    Once more to Freedom's God!  
And in the midst, unseen, shall stand  
The mighty fathers of thy land.

Thy gather'd sons shall feel  
    The soul of Adams near,  
And Otis with his fiery zeal,  
    And Warren's onward cheer;  
And heart to heart shall thrill as when  
They moved and spake as living men.

Fling, from thy Capitol,  
Thy banner to the light,  
And, o'er thy Charter's sacred scroll,  
For Freedom and the Right,  
Breathe once again thy vows, unbroken—  
Speak once again as thou hast spoken.

On thy bleak hills, speak out!  
A WORLD thy words shall hear;  
And they who listen round about,  
In friendship, or in fear,  
Shall know thee still, when sorest tried,  
"Unshaken and untterrified?"\*

\*"Massachusetts has held her way right onward, unshaken, unse-  
duced, untterrified."—*Speech of C. Cushing in the House of Representa-  
tives of the U. S., 1836.*



## THE FAREWELL

OF A VIRGINIA SLAVE MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTERS, SOLD INTO  
SOUTHERN BONDAGE.

GONE, gone—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
Where the slave-whip ceaseless swings,  
Where the noisome insect stings,  
Where the Fever Demon strews  
Poison with the falling dews,  
Where the sickly sunbeams glare  
Through the hot and misty air,—  
Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters,—  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.  
There no mother's eye is near them,  
There no mother's ear can hear them;  
Never, when the torturing lash  
Seams their back with many a gash,  
Shall a mother's kindness bless them,  
Or a mother's arms caress them.

Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters,—  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone.  
 Oh, when weary, sad, and slow,  
 From the fields at night they go,  
 Faint with toil, and rack'd with pain,  
 To their cheerless homes again—  
 There no brother's voice shall greet them—  
 There no father's welcome meet them.  
 Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
 From Virginia's hills and waters,—  
 Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
 From the tree whose shadow lay  
 On their childhood's place of play—  
 From the cool spring where they drank—  
 Rock, and hill, and rivulet bank—  
 From the solemn house of prayer,  
 And the holy counsels there—  
 Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
 From Virginia's hills and waters,—  
 Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone—  
 Toiling through the weary day,  
 And at night the Spoiler's prey.

Oh, that they had earlier died,  
Sleeping calmly, side by side,  
Where the tyrant's power is o'er,  
And the fether galls no more!

Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters,—  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.  
By the holy love He beareth—  
By the bruised reed He spareth—  
Oh, may He, to whom alone  
All their cruel wrongs are known,  
Still their hope and refuge prove,  
With a more than mother's love.

Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters,—  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

## ADDRESS,

Written for the opening of "PENNSYLVANIA HALL," dedicated to Free Discussion, Virtue, Liberty, and Independence, on the 15th of the 5th month, 1838.

Nor with the splendors of the days of old,  
The spoil of nations, and "barbaric gold"—  
No weapons wrested from the fields of blood,  
Where dark and stern th' unyielding Roman stood,  
And the proud Eagles of his cohorts saw  
A world, war-wasted, crouching to his law—  
Nor blazon'd car—nor banners floating gay,  
Like those which swept along the Appian way,  
When, to the welcome of imperial Rome,  
The victor warrior came in triumph home,  
And trumpet-peal, and shoutings wild and high,  
Stir'd the blue quiet of th' Italian sky;  
But calm, and grateful, prayerful, and sincere,  
As Christian freemen, only, gathering here,  
We dedicate our fair and lofty Hall,  
Pillar and arch, entablature and wall,  
As Virtue's shrine—as Liberty's abode—  
Sacred to Freedom, and to Freedom's God!

Oh! loftier Halls, 'neath brighter skies than these,  
Stood darkly mirror'd in the Ægean seas,  
Pillar and shrine—and life-like statues seen,  
Graceful and pure, the marble shafts between,

Where glorious Athens from her rocky hill  
Saw Art and Beauty subject to her will—  
And the chaste temple, and the classic grove—  
The hall of sages—and the bowers of love,  
Arch, fane, and column, graced the shores, and gave  
Their shadows to the blue Saronic wave;  
And statelier rose, on Tiber's winding side,  
The Pantheon's dome—the Coliseum's pride—  
The Capitol, whose arches backward flung  
The deep, clear cadence of the Roman tongue,  
Whence stern decrees, like words of fate, went forth  
To the awed nations of a conquer'd earth,  
Where the proud Cæsars in their glory came,  
And Brutus lighten'd from his lips of flame!

Yet in the porches of Athena's halls,  
And in the shadows of her stately walls,  
Lurk'd the sad bondman, and his tears of woe  
Wet the cold marble with unheeded flow;  
And fetters clank'd beneath the silver dome  
Of the proud Pantheon of imperious Rome.  
Oh! not for him—the chain'd and stricken slave—  
By Tiber's shore, or blue Ægina's wave,  
In the throng'd forum, or the sages' seat,  
The bold lip pleaded, and the warm heart beat;  
No soul of sorrow melted at his pain,  
No tear of pity rusted on his chain!

But this fair Hall, to Truth and Freedom given,  
Pledged to the Right before all earth and Heaven,

A free arena for the strife of mind,  
 To caste, or sect, or color unconfined,  
 Shall thrill with echoes, such as ne'er of old  
 From Roman Hall, or Grecian Temple roll'd;  
 Thoughts shall find utterance, such as never yet  
 The Propylea or the Forum met.  
 Beneath its roof no gladiator's strife  
 Shall win applauses with the waste of life;  
 No lordly lictor urge the barbarous game—  
 No wanton Lais glory in her shame.  
 But here the tear of sympathy shall flow,  
 As the ear listens to the tale of woe;  
 Here, in stern judgment of the oppressor's wrong,  
 Shall strong rebukings thrill on Freedom's tongue—  
 No partial justice hold th' unequal scale—  
 No pride of caste a brother's rights assail—  
 No tyrant's mandates echo from this wall,  
 Holy to Freedom and the Rights of All!  
 But a fair field, where mind may close with mind,  
 Free as the sunshine and the chainless wind;  
 Where the high trust is fix'd on Truth alone,  
 And bonds and fetters from the soul are thrown;  
 Where wealth, and rank, and worldly pomp, and might,  
 Yield to the presence of the True and Right.

And fitting is it that this Hall should stand  
 Where Pennsylvania's Founder led his band,  
 From thy blue waters, Delaware!—to press  
 The virgin verdure of the wilderness.  
 Here, where all Europe with amazement saw  
 The soul's high freedom trammel'd by no law;

Here, where the fierce and warlike forest-men  
 Gather'd in peace, around the home of PENN,  
 Awed by the weapons Love alone had given,  
 Drawn from the holy armory of Heaven;  
 Where Nature's voice against the bondman's wrong  
 First found an earnest and indignant tongue;  
 Where LAY's bold message to the proud was borne,  
 And KEITH's rebuke, and FRANKLIN's manly scorn—  
 Fitting it is that here, where Freedom first  
 From her fair feet shook off the old world's dust,  
 Spread her white pinions to our Western blast,  
 And her free tresses to our sunshine cast,  
 One Hall should rise redeem'd from Slavery's ban—  
 One Temple sacred to the Rights of Man!

Oh! if the spirits of the parted come,  
 Visiting angels, to their olden home;  
 If the dead fathers of the land look forth  
 From their far dwellings, to the things of earth—  
 Is it a dream, that with their eyes of love,  
 They gaze now on us from the bowers above?  
 LAY's ardent soul—and BENEZET the mild,  
 Steadfast in faith, yet gentle as a child—  
 Meek-hearted WOOLMAN,—and that brother-band,  
 The sorrowing exiles from their "FATHER LAND,"  
 Leaving their homes in Krieshiem's bowers of vine,  
 And the blue beauty of their glorious Rhine,  
 To seek amidst our solemn depths of wood  
 Freedom from man and holy peace with God;  
 Who first of all their testimonial gave  
 Against th' oppressor,—for the outcast slave,—

Is it a dream that such as these look down,  
And with their blessing our rejoicings crown ?

Let us rejoice, that, while the Pulpit's door  
Is bar'd against the pleaders for the poor ;  
While the Church, wrangling upon points of faith,  
Forgets her bondmen suffering unto death  
While crafty Traffic and the lust of Gain  
Unite to forge Oppression's triple chain,  
One door is open, and one Temple free—  
A resting-place for hunted Liberty !  
Where men may speak, unshackled and unawed,  
High words of Truth, for Freedom and for God.

And when that Truth its perfect work hath done,  
And rich with blessings o'er our land hath gone ;  
When not a slave beneath his yoke shall pine,  
From broad Potomac to the far Sabine ;  
When unto angel-lips at last is given  
The silver trump of Jubilee in Heaven ;  
And from Virginia's plains—Kentucky's shades,  
And through the dim Floridian everglades,  
Rises, to meet that angel-trumpet's sound,  
The voice of millions from their chains unbound—  
Then, though this Hall be crumbling in decay,  
Its strong walls blending with the common clay,  
Yet, round the ruins of its strength shall stand  
The best and noblest of a ransom'd land—  
Pilgrims, like those who throng around the shrine  
Of Mecca, or of holy Palestine!—  
A prouder glory shall that ruin own  
Than that which lingers round the Parthenon.



Here shall the child of after years be taught  
The work of Freedom which his fathers wrought—  
Told of the trials of the present hour,  
Our weary strife with prejudice and power,—  
How the high errand quicken'd woman's soul,  
And touch'd her lip as with the living coal—  
How Freedom's martyrs kept their lofty faith.  
True and unwavering, unto bonds and death.—  
The pencil's art shall sketch the ruin'd Hall,  
The Muses' garland crown its aged wall,  
And History's pen for after times record  
Its consecration unto FREEDOM'S GOD!

LINES WRITTEN IN THE BOOK OF A FRIEND.

ON page of thine I cannot trace  
The cold and heartless common-place—  
A statue's fixed and marble grace.

For ever as these lines are penned,  
Still with the thought of thee will blend  
That of some loved and common friend—

Who, in life's desert track has made  
His pilgrim tent with mine, or laid  
Beneath the same remembered shade.

And hence my pen unfettered moves  
In freedom which the heart approves—  
The negligence which friendship loves.

And wilt thou prize my poor gift less  
For simple air and rustic dress,  
And sign of haste and carelessness?—

Oh! more than specious counterfeit  
Of sentiment, or studied wit,  
A heart like thine should value it.

Yet half I fear my gift will be  
Unto thy book, if not to thee,  
Of more than doubtful courtesy.

A banished name from Fashion's sphere,  
A lay unheard of Beauty's ear,  
Forbid, disowned,—what do they here?—

Upon my ear not all in vain  
Came the sad captive's clanking chain—  
The groaning from his bed of pain.

And sadder still, I saw the woe  
Which only wounded spirits know  
When Pride's strong footsteps o'er them go.

Spurned not alone in walks abroad,  
But in the "temples of the Lord"  
Thrust out apart, like things abhorr'd.

Deep as I felt, and stern and strong,  
In words which Prudence smothered long,  
My soul spoke out against the Wrong;

Not mine alone the task'to speak  
Of comfort to the poor and weak,  
And dry the tear on Sorrow's cheek;

But, mingled in the conflict warm,  
To pour the fiery breath of storm  
Through the harsh trumpet of Reform;

To brave Opinion's settled frown,  
From ermined robe and saintly gown,  
While wrestling hoary Error down.

Founts gushed beside my pilgrim way,  
Cool shadows on the green sward lay,  
Flowers swung upon the bending spray.

And, broad and bright on either hand,  
Stretched the green slopes of Fairy land,  
With Hope's eternal sunbow spanned ;

Whence voices called me like the flow,  
Which on the listener's ear will grow,  
Of forest streamlets soft and low.

And gentle eyes which still retain  
Their picture on the heart and brain  
Smiled, beckoning from that path of pain.

In vain !—nor dream, nor rest, nor pause  
Remain for him who round him draws  
The battered mail of Freedom's cause.

From youthful hopes—from each green spot  
Of young Romance, and gentle thought,  
Where storm and tumult enter not—

From each fair altar, where belong  
The offerings Love requires of Song  
In homage to her bright-eyed throng—

With soul and strength, with heart and hand,  
I turned to Freedom's struggling band—  
To the sad Helots of our land.

What marvel then that Fame should turn  
Her notes of praise to those of scorn—  
Her gifts reclaimed—her smiles withdrawn?

What matters it!—a few years more,  
Life's surge so restless heretofore  
Shall break upon the unknown shore!

In that far land shall disappear  
The shadows which we follow here—  
The mist-wreaths of our atmosphere!

Before no work of mortal hand,  
Of human will or strength expand  
The pearl gates of the "better land;"

Alone in that pure Love which gave  
Life to the sleeper of the grave,  
Resteth the power to "seek and save."

Yet, if the spirit gazing through  
The vista of the Past can view  
One deed to Heaven and virtue true—

If through the wreck of wasted powers,  
Of garlands wreathed from Folly's bowers,  
Of idle aims and misspent hours—

The eye can note one sacred spot  
By Pride and Self profaned not—  
A green place in the waste of thought—

Where deed or word hath rendered less  
"The sum of human wretchedness,"  
And Gratitude looks forth to bless—

The simple burst of tenderest feeling  
From sad hearts worn by evil-dealing,  
For blessing on the hand of healing,—

Better than Glory's pomp will be  
That green and blessed spot to me—  
A landmark in Eternity!—

Something of Time which may invite  
The purified and spiritual sight  
To rest on with a calm delight.

And when the summer winds shall sweep  
With their light wings my place of sleep,  
And mosses round my head-stone creep—

If still, as Freedom's rallying sign,  
Upon the young heart's altars shine  
The very fires they caught from mine—

If words my lips once uttered still,  
In the calm faith and steadfast will  
Of other hearts, their work fulfil—

Perchance with joy the soul may learn  
These tokens, and its eye discern  
The fires which on those altars burn—

A marvellous joy that even then,  
The spirit hath its life again,  
In the strong hearts of mortal men.

Take, lady, then, the gift I bring,  
No gay and graceful offering—  
No flower-smile of the laughing spring.

Midst the green buds of Youth's fresh May,  
With Fancy's leaf-enwoven bay,  
My sad and sombre gift I lay.

And if it deepens in thy mind  
A sense of suffering human kind—  
The outcast and the spirit-blind:

Oppressed and spoiled on every side,  
By Prejudice, and Scorn, and Pride;  
Life's common courtesies denied:

Sad mothers mourning o'er their trust,  
Children by want and misery nursed,  
Tasting Life's bitter cup at first—

If to their strong appeals which come  
From fireless hearth, and crowded room,  
And the dark alley's noisome gloom—

Though dark the hands upraised to thee  
In mute beseeching agony,  
Thou lend'st thy woman's sympathy—

Not vainly on thy gentle shrine,  
Where Love, and Mirth, and Friendship twine  
Their varied gifts, I offer mine.



## MASSACHUSETTS TO VIRGINIA.\*

THE blast from Freedom's Northern hills, upon its Southern  
way,  
Bears greeting to Virginia, from Massachusetts Bay :—  
No word of haughty challenging, nor battle-bugle's peal,  
Nor steady tread of marching files, nor clang of horse-  
men's steel.

No trains of deep-mouthed cannon along our high-ways  
go—  
Around our silent arsenals untrodden lies the snow ;  
And to the land breeze of our ports, upon their errands  
far,  
A thousand sails of Commerce swell, but none are spread  
for War.

We hear thy threats, Virginia ! thy stormy words and  
high,  
Swell harshly on the Southern winds which melt along  
our sky ;  
Yet, not one brown, hard hand foregoes its honest labor  
here—  
No hewer of our mountain oaks suspends his axe in fear.

\* Written on reading an account of the proceedings of the citizens of Norfolk (Va.) in reference to GEORGE LATIMER, the alleged fugitive slave, the result of whose case in Massachusetts will probably be similar to that of the negro SOMERSET in England. in 1772.

Wild are the waves which lash the reefs along St.  
George's bank—  
Cold on the shore of Labrador the fog lies white and  
dank ;  
Through storm, and wave, and blinding mist, stout are  
the hearts which man  
The fishing-smacks of Marblehead, the sea-boats of Cape  
Ann.

The cold North light and wintry sun glare on their icy  
forms,  
Bent grimly o'er their straining lines or wrestling with  
the storms ;  
Free as the winds they drive before, rough as the waves  
they roam,  
They laugh to scorn the slaver's threat against their  
rocky home.

What means the Old Dominion? Hath she forgot the  
day  
When o'er her conquered vallies swept the Briton's steel  
array?  
How side by side, with sons of hers, the Massachusetts  
men  
Encountered Tarleton's charge of fire, and stout Corn-  
wallis, then?

Forgets she how the Bay State, in answer to the call  
Of her old House of Burgesses, spoke out from Faneuil  
Hall?

WHITTIER'S POEMS.

When, echoing back her Henry's cry, came pulsing on  
each breath  
Of Northern winds, the thrilling sounds of 'LIBERTY OR  
DEATH!'

What asks the Old Dominion? If now her sons have  
proved  
False to their fathers' memory—false to the faith they  
loved;  
If she can scoff at Freedom, and its Great Charter spurn,  
Must we of Massachusetts from Truth and Duty turn?

*We* hunt your bondmen, flying from Slavery's hateful  
hell—  
*Our* voices, at your bidding, take up the bloodhound's  
yell—  
*We* gather, at your summons, above our fathers' graves,  
From Freedom's holy altar, horns to tear your wretched  
slaves!

Thank God! not yet so vilely can Massachusetts bow;  
The spirit of her early time is with her even now;  
Dream not because her pilgrim blood moves slow, and  
calm, and cool,  
She thus can stoop her chainless neck, a sister's slave  
and tool!

All that a *sister* State should do, all that a *free* State may,  
Heart, hand and purse we proffer, as in our early day:

But that one dark loathsome burden ye must stagger  
with alone,  
And reap the bitter harvest which ye yourselves have  
sown !

Hold, while ye may, your struggling slaves, and burden  
God's free air  
With woman's shriek beneath the lash, and manhood's  
wild despair ;  
Cling closer to the ' cleaving curse ' that writes upon your  
plains  
The blasting of Almighty wrath against a land of chains :

Still shame your gallant ancestry, the cavaliers of old,  
By watching round the shambles where human flesh is  
sold—  
Gloat o'er the new-born child, and count his market value,  
when  
The maddened mother's cry of woe shall pierce the  
slaver's den !

Lower than plummet soundeth, sink the Virginian name  
Plant, if ye will, your fathers' graves with rankest weeds  
of shame ;  
Be, if ye will, the scandal of God's fair universe—  
We wash our hands forever, of your sin, and shame, and  
curse.

A voice from lips whereon the coal from Freedom's shrine  
hath been,  
Thrilled, as but yesterday, the hearts of Berkshire's  
mountain men :  
The echoes of that solemn voice are sadly lingering still  
In all our sunny valleys, on every wind-swept hill.

And when the prowling man-thief came hunting for his  
prey  
Beneath the very shadow of Bunker's shaft of grey,  
How, through the free lips of the son, the father's warning  
spoke ;  
How, from its bonds of trade and sect, the Pilgrim city  
broke !

A hundred thousand right arms were lifted up on high,—  
A hundred thousand voices sent back their loud reply ;  
Through the thronged towns of Essex the startling sum-  
mons rang,  
And up from bench and loom and wheel her young  
mechanics sprang !

The voice of free, broad Middlesex—of thousands as of  
one—  
The shaft of Bunker calling to that of Lexington—  
From Norfolk's ancient villages ; from Plymouth's rocky  
bound  
To where Nantucket feels the arms of ocean close her  
round ;—

From rich and rural Worcester, where through the calm  
    repose  
Of cultured vales and fringing woods the gentle Nashua  
    flows,  
To where Wachusett's wintry blasts the mountain larches  
    stir,  
Swelled up to heaven the thrilling cry of 'God save  
    Latimer!'

And sandy Barnstable rose up, wet with the salt sea  
    spray—  
And Bristol sent her answering shout down Narragansett  
    Bay!  
Along the broad Connecticut old Hampden felt the thrill,  
And the cheer of Hampshire's woodmen swept down  
    from Holyoke Hill.

The voice of Massachusetts! Of her free sons and  
    daughters—  
Deep calling unto deep aloud—the sound of many waters!  
Against the burden of that voice what tyrant power shall  
    stand?  
*No fetters in the Bay State! No slave upon her land!*

Look to it well, Virginians! In calmness we have borne,  
In answer to our faith and trust, your insult and your scorn;  
You've spurned our kindest counsels—you've hunted  
    for our lives—  
And shaken round our hearths and homes your manacles  
    and gyves!

We wage no war—we lift no arm—we fling no torch  
within  
The fire-damps of the quaking mine beneath your soil of  
sin ;  
We leave ye with your bondmen—to wrestle while ye  
can,  
With the strong upward tendencies and God-like soul of  
man !

But for us and for our children, the vow which we have  
given  
For Freedom and humanity, is registered in Heaven ;  
*No slave-hunt in our borders—no pirate on our strand !*  
*No fetters in the Bay State—no slave upon our Land !*

## THE RELIC.

Pennsylvania Hall, dedicated to Free Discussion and the cause of human liberty, was destroyed by a mob in 1838. The following was written on receiving a cane wrought from a fragment of the wood-work which the fire had spared.

TOKEN of friendship true and tried,  
From one whose fiery heart of youth  
With mine has beaten, side by side,  
For Liberty and Truth ;  
With honest pride the gift I take,  
And prize it for the giver's sake.

But not alone because it tells  
Of generous hand and heart sincere ;  
Around that gift of friendship dwells  
A memory doubly dear—  
Earth's noblest aim—man's holiest thought,  
With that memorial frail inwrought !

Pure thoughts and sweet, like flowers unfold,  
And precious memories round it cling,  
Even as the Prophet's rod of old  
In beauty blossoming :  
And buds of feeling pure and good  
Spring from its cold unconscious wood.



Relic of Freedom's shrine!—a brand  
Plucked from its burning!—let it be  
Dear as a jewel from the hand  
Of a lost friend to me!—  
Flower of a perished garland left,  
Of life and beauty unbereft!

Oh! if the young enthusiast bears,  
O'er weary waste and sea, the stone  
Which crumbled from the Forum's stairs,  
Or round the Parthenon;  
Or olive bough from some wild tree  
Hung over old Thermopylæ:

If leaflets from some hero's tomb,  
Or moss-wreath torn from ruins hoary,—  
Or faded flowers whose sisters bloom  
On fields renowned in story,—  
Or fragment from the Alhambra's crest,  
Or the grey rock by Druids blessed!—

If Erin's shamrock greenly growing  
Where Freedom led her stalwart kern,  
Or Scotia's "rough bur thistle" blowing  
On Bruce's Bannockburn—  
Or Runnymede's wild English rose,  
Or lichen plucked from Sempach's snows!—

If it be true that things like these  
    To heart and eye bright visions bring,  
Shall not far holier memories  
    To this memorial cling?  
Which needs no mellowing mist of time  
To hide the crimson stains of crime!

Wreck of a temple, unprofaned—  
    Of courts where Peace with Freedom trod,  
Lifting on high, with hands unstained,  
    Thanksgiving unto God;  
Where Mercy's voice of love was pleading  
For human hearts in bondage bleeding!—

Where midst the sound of rushing feet  
    And curses on the night air flung,  
That pleading voice rose calm and sweet  
    From woman's earnest tongue;  
And Riot turned his scowling glance,  
Awed, from her tranquil countenance!

That Temple now in ruin lies!—  
    The fire-stain on its shattered wall,  
And open to the changing skies  
    Its black and roofless hall,  
It stands before a Nation's sight  
A grave-stone over buried Right!

But from that ruin, as of old,  
The fire-scorched stones themselves are crying,  
And from their ashes white and cold  
Its timbers are replying!  
A voice which slavery cannot kill  
Speaks from the crumbling arches still!

And even this relic from thy shrine,  
Oh, holy Freedom!—hath to me  
A potent power, a voice and sign  
To testify of thee;  
And, grasping it, methinks I feel  
A deeper faith, a stronger zeal.

And not unlike that mystic rod  
Of old stretched o'er the Egyptian wave  
Which opened, in the strength of God,  
A pathway for the slave,  
It yet may point the bondman's way  
And turn the spoiler from his prey.

## THE WORLD'S CONVENTION

OF THE FRIENDS OF EMANCIPATION, TO BE HELD IN  
LONDON IN 1840.

Yes, let them gather!—Summon forth  
The pledged philanthropy of Earth,  
From every land, whose hills have heard  
The bugle blast of Freedom waking;  
Or shrieking of her symbol-bird  
From out his cloudy eyrie breaking;  
Where Justice hath one worshipper,  
Or Truth one altar built to her;  
Where'er a human eye is weeping  
O'er wrongs which Earth's sad children know—  
Where'er a single heart is keeping  
Its prayerful watch with human woe:  
Thence let them come, and greet each other,  
And know in each, a friend and brother!

Yes, let them come! from each green vale  
Where England's old baronial halls  
Still bear upon their storied walls  
The grim crusader's rusted mail,  
Batter'd by Paynim spear and brand  
On Malta's rock or Syria's sand!

And mouldering pennon-staves once set  
    Within the soil of Palestine,  
By Jordan and Genessaret;  
    Or, borne with England's battle line,  
O'er Acre's shattered turrets stooping,  
Or, 'midst the camp their banners drooping,  
    With dews from hallowed Hermon wet.  
A holier summons now is given  
    Than that gray hermit's voice of old,  
Which unto all the winds of heaven  
    The banners of the Cross unrolled!  
Not for the long deserted shrine,—  
    Not for the dull unconscious sod,  
Which tells not by one lingering sign  
    That there the Hope of Israel trod;—  
But for that TRUTH, for which alone  
    In pilgrim eyes are sanctified  
The garden moss, the mountain stone,  
Whereon His holy sandals pressed—  
The fountain which His lip hath blessed—  
What'er hath touched His garment's hem  
At Bethany or Bethlehem,  
    Or Jordan's river side.  
· FOR FREEDOM, in the name of Him  
    Who came to raise Earth's drooping poor,  
To break the chain from every limb—  
    The bolt from every prison door!  
For these, o'er all the earth hath passed  
An ever-deepening trumpet blast,  
As if an Angel's breath had lent  
Its vigor to the instrument.

And Wales, from Snowdon's mountain wall,  
Shall startle at that thrilling call,  
    As if she heard her Bards again ;  
And Erin's " harp on Tara's wall"  
    Give out its ancient strain,  
Mirthful and sweet, yet sad withal—  
    The melody which Erin loves,  
When o'er that harp, mid bursts of gladness  
And slogan cries and lyke-wake sadness,  
    The hand of her O'Connell moves :  
Scotland, from lake and tarn and rill,  
And mountain hold, and heathery hill,  
    Shall catch and echo back the note,  
As if she heard upon her air  
Once more her Cameronian's prayer  
    And song of Freedom float.  
And cheering echoes shall reply  
From each remote dependency,  
Where Britain's mighty sway is known,  
In tropic sea or frozen zone ;  
Where'er her sunset flag is furling,  
Or morning gun-fire's smoke is curling ;  
From Indian Bengal's groves of palm  
And rosy fields and gales of balm,  
Where Eastern pomp and power are rolled  
Through regal Ava's gates of gold ;  
And from the lakes and ancient woods  
And dim Canadian solitudes,  
Whence, sternly from her rocky throne,  
Queen of the North, Quebec looks down ;

And from those bright and ransomed Isles  
Where all unwonted Freedom smiles,  
And the dark laborer still retains  
The scar of slavery's broken chains!

From the hoar Alps, which sentinel  
The gateways of the land of Tell,  
Where morning's keen and earliest glance  
On Jura's icy top is thrown;  
And from the olive bowers of France  
And vine groves garlanding the Rhone,—  
"Friends of the Blacks," as true and tried  
As those who stood by Oge's side—  
Brissot and eloquent Gregoire—  
When with free lip and heart of fire  
The Haytien told his country's wrong,  
Shall gather at that summons strong—  
Broglie, Passy, and him, whose song  
Breathed over Syria's holy sod,  
And in the paths which Jesus trod,  
And murmured midst the hills which hem  
Crownless and sad Jerusalem,  
Hath echoes whereso'er the tone  
Of Israel's prophet-lyre is known.

Still let them come—from Quito's walls,  
And from the Oronoco's tide—  
From Lima's Inca-haunted halls—  
From Santa Fe and Yucatan,—

Chiefs who by swart Guerrero's side  
Proclaimed the deathless RIGHTS OF MAN,  
Broke every bond and fetter off,  
And hailed in every sable serf  
A free and brother Mexican !  
Chiefs who across the Andes' chain  
Have followed Freedom's flowing pennon,  
And seen on Junin's fearful plain,  
Glare o'er the broken ranks of Spain,  
The fire-burst of Bolivar's cannon !  
And Hayti, from her mountain land,  
Shall send the sons of those who hurled  
Defiance from her blazing strand—  
The war-gage from her Petion's hand,  
Alone against a hostile world.

Nor all unmindful, thou, the while,  
Land of the dark and mystic Nile !—  
Thy Moslem mercy yet may shame  
All tyrants of a Christian name—  
When in the shade of Gezeh's pile,  
Or, where from Abyssinian hills  
El Gerek's upper fountain fills,  
Or where from mountains of the Moon  
El Abiad bears his watery boon,  
Where'er thy lotus blossoms swim  
Within their ancient hallowed waters—  
Where'er is heard thy Prophet's hymn,  
Or song of Nubia's sable daughters,—



The curse of SLAVERY and the crime,  
Thy bequest from remotest time,  
At thy dark Mehemet's decree  
For evermore shall pass from thee ;  
    And chains forsake each captive's limb  
Of all those tribes, whose hills around  
Have echoed back the slymbal sound  
    And victor horn of Ibrahim.

And thou whose glory and whose crime  
To earth's remotest bound and clime,  
In mingled tones of awe and scorn,  
The echoes of a world have borne,  
My country ! glorious at thy birth,  
A day-star flashing brightly forth—  
    The herald-sign of Freedom's dawn !  
Oh ! who could dream that saw thee then,  
    And watched thy rising from afar,  
That vapors from Oppression's fen  
    Would feed thy upward tending star ?  
Or, that Earth's tyrant powers, which heard,  
    Awe-struck, the shout which hailed thy dawning,  
Would rise so soon, prince, peer and king,  
To mock thee with their welcoming,  
Like Hades when her thrones were stirred  
    To greet the down-cast Star of Morning !  
“ Aha ! and art thou fallen thus ? ”  
Art THOU become as one of us ?”

Land of my fathers!—there will stand,  
Amidst that world-assembled band,  
Those owning thy maternal claim  
Unweakened by thy crime and shame,—  
The sad reprovers of thy wrong—  
The children thou hast spurned so long.  
Still with affection's fondest yearning  
To their unnatural mother turning.  
No traitors they!—but tried and leal,  
Whose own is but thy general weal,  
Still blending with the patriot's zeal  
The Christian's love for human kind,  
To caste and climate unconfined.

A holy gathering!—peaceful all—  
No threat of war—no savage call  
For vengeance on an erring brother;  
But in their stead the God-like plan  
To teach the brotherhood of man  
To love and reverence one another,  
As sharers of a common blood—  
The children of a common God!—  
Yet, even at its lightest word,  
Shall Slavery's darkest depths be stirred:  
Spain watching from her Moro's keep  
Her slave-ships traversing the deep,  
And Rio, in her strength and pride,  
Lifting, along her mountain side,  
Her snowy battlements and towers—  
Her lemon groves and tropic bowers,

With bitter hate and sullen fear  
Its freedom-giving voice shall hear ;  
And where my country's flag is flowing,  
On breezes from Mount Vernon blowing  
    Above the Nation's council Halls,  
Where Freedom's praise is loud and long,  
    While, close beneath the outward walls,  
The driver plies his reeking thong—  
    The hammer of the man-thief falls,  
O'er hypocritic cheek and brow  
The crimson flush of shame shall glow :  
And all who for their native land  
Are pledging life and heart and hand—  
Worn watchers o'er her changing weal,  
Who for her tarnished honor feel—  
Through cottage-door and council-hall  
Shall thunder an awakening call.  
The pen along its page shall burn  
With all-intolerable scorn—  
And eloquent rebuke shall go  
On all the winds that Southward blow ;  
From priestly lips, now sealed and dumb,  
Warning and dread appeal shall come,  
Like those which Israel heard from him,  
The Prophet of the Cherubim.—  
Or those which sad Esaias hurled  
Against a sin-accursed world !  
Its wizard-leaves the Press shall fling  
Unceasing from its iron wing,

With characters inscribed thereon,  
As fearful in the despot's hall  
As to the pomp of Babylon  
The fire-sign on the palace-wall!  
And, from her dark iniquities,  
Methinks I see my country rise:  
Not challenging the nations round  
To note her tardy justice done—  
Her captives from their chains unbound,  
Her prisons opening to the sun;—  
But tearfully her arms extending  
Over the poor and unoffending;  
Her regal Emblem now no longer  
A bird of prey, with talons reeking,  
Above the dying captive shrieking,  
But, spreading out her ample wing—  
A broad, impartial covering—  
The weaker sheltered by the stronger!—  
Oh, then to Earth's anointed eyes  
The promised token shall be given;  
And on a nation's sacrifice,  
Atoning for the sin of years,  
And wet with penitential tears—  
The fire shall fall from Heaven!

1839.

TO JAMES G. BIRNEY,

ON HIS VISIT TO NEW ENGLAND IN 1845.

FRIEND of the Slave, whose trust in thee  
Is told in many a midnight prayer—  
To whom with tears of joy the free  
The blessing of the ransomed bear !  
Our free winds blow, our free waves foam  
On Plymouth rock, round Faneuil Hall ;  
Thy welcome to our hearts and home,  
Oh ! Freedom's friend, is heard from all.

For well should honest Nature own,  
With all her tongues, the worshipper,  
Who bends at Freedom's shrine, alone  
With poverty and truth and her—  
Reviving in a venal time  
Once more the old heroic thought,  
And startling faithless Cant and Crime  
With miracles of goodness wrought.

We hail thee on our Eastern strand,  
Brave tiller of the Western soil !  
And clasp with pride the generous hand  
Grown hard and brown with honest toil.

'Tis something in our selfish day,  
To feel that man once more can break  
From Mammon's lure and Party's sway,  
And dare be poor for conscience sake!

Then, in thy stainless honor, come,  
Mild pleader for the trampled slave!  
We call thee from thy woodland home,  
By Huron's dim and distant wave,  
In Freedom's holy strife to share—  
For, never yet since Time began,  
Could coward Wrong and Falsehood bear  
The presence of an upright man!

## STANZAS FOR THE TIMES.

“To agitate the question (Slavery) anew, is not only impolitic, but it is a virtual breach of good faith to our brethren of the South; an unwarrantable interference with their domestic relations and institutions.” “I can never, in the official station which I occupy, consent to *countenance* a course which may jeopard the peace and harmony of the Union.”—*Gov. Porter's Inaugural Message.*

No “countenance” of his, forsooth!  
Who asked it at his vassal hands?  
Who looked for homage done to truth,  
By Party's vile and hateful bands?  
Who dreamed that one by them caressed,  
Would lay for her his spear in rest?

His “countenance!” Well, let it light  
The human robber to his spoil!—  
Let those who track the bondman's flight,  
Like bloodhounds, o'er our once free soil,  
Bask in its sunshine while they may,  
And howl its praises on their way;

*We* ask no boon: our RIGHTS we claim—  
Free press and thought—free tongue and pen,—  
The right to speak in Freedom's name,  
As Pennsylvanians and as men;  
To do, by Lynch law unforbid,  
What our own Rush and Franklin did.

Ay, there we stand, with planted feet,  
 Steadfast, where those old worthies stood :—  
 Upon us let the tempest beat,  
 Around us swell and surge the flood :  
 We fail or triumph on that spot—  
 God helping us, we falter not.

“ A breach of plighted faith ?” for shame !—  
 Who voted for that “ breach ?” Who gave  
 In the state councils, vote and name  
 For freedom for the District slave ?—  
 Consistent patriot ! go, forswear,  
 Blot out, “ *expunge*” the record there !\*

Go, eat thy words. Shall HENRY CLAY  
 Turn round—a moral Harlequin ?  
 And arch VAN BUREN wipe away  
 The stains of his Missouri sin ?  
 And shall that one unlucky vote  
 Stick, burr-like, in *thy* honest throat ?

No—do thy part in “ *putting down*” †  
 The friends of Freedom :—summon out  
 The parson in his saintly gown,  
 To curse the outlawed roundabout,

\*It ought to be borne in mind, that DAVID R. PORTER voted in the Legislature to instruct the congressional delegation of Pennsylvania to use their influence for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia.

† “ He (Martin Van Buren) thinks the abolitionists may be put down.”—*Richmond (Va.) Enquirer*.



In concert with the Belial brood—  
The Balaam of "the brotherhood!"

Quench every free discussion light—  
Clap on the legislative snuffers,  
And caulk with "resolutions" tight  
The ghastly rents the Union suffers!  
Let Church and State brand Abolition  
As Heresy and rank Sedition.

Choke down, at once, each breathing thing  
That whispers of the Rights of Man:—  
Gag the free girl who dares to sing  
Of Freedom o'er her dairy pan:—  
Dog the old farmer's steps about,  
And hunt his cherished treason out.

Go, hunt sedition.—Search for that  
In every pedlar's cart of rags;  
Pry into every Quaker's hat,  
And DOCTOR FUSSELL'S saddle bags!  
Lest treason wrap, with all its ills,  
Around his powders and his pills.

Where Chester's oak and walnut shades  
With slavery-laden breezes stir,  
And on the hills and in the glades  
Of Bucks and honest Lancaster,  
Are heads which think and hearts which feel—  
Flints to the Abolition steel!

Ho! send ye down a corporal's guard  
    With flow of flag and beat of drum—  
Storm LINDLEY COATES's poultry yard,  
    Beleaguer THOMAS WHITSON's home!  
Beat up the Quaker quarters—show  
Your valor to an unarmed foe!

Do more. Fill up your loathsome jails  
    With faithful men and women—set  
The scaffold up in these green vales,  
    And let their verdant turf be wet  
With blood of unresisting men—  
Ay, do all this, and more,—WHAT THEN?

Think ye, one heart of man or child  
    Will falter from its lofty faith,  
At the mob's tumult, fierce and wild—  
    The prison cell—the shameful death?  
No!—nursed in storm and trial long,  
The weakest of our band is strong!

Oh! while before us visions come  
    A slave-ship on Virginia's coast—  
Of mothers in their childless home,  
    Like Rachel, sorrowing o'er the lost—  
The Slave-gang scourged upon its way—  
The blood-hound and his human prey--

We cannot falter ! Did we so,  
The stones beneath would murmur out,  
And all the winds that round us blow  
Would whisper of our shame about.  
No ! let the tempest rock the land,  
Our faith shall live—our truth shall stand.

True as the Vaudois hemmed around  
With Papal fire and Roman steel—  
Firm as the Christian heroine bound  
Upon Domitian's torturing wheel,  
We 'bate no breath—we curb no thought—  
Come what may come, WE FALTER NOT !

## THE BALLAD OF CASSANDRA SOUTHWICK.

In the following ballad, the author has endeavoured to display the strong enthusiasm of the early Quaker, the short-sighted intolerance of the clergy and magistrates, and that sympathy with the oppressed, which the "common people," when not directly under the control of spiritual despotism, have ever evinced. He is not blind to the extravagance of language and action which characterized some of the pioneers of Quakerism in New England, and which furnished persecution with its solitary but most inadequate excuse.

The ballad has its foundation upon a somewhat remarkable event in the history of Puritan intolerance. Two young persons, son and daughter of Lawrence Southwick, of Salem, who had himself been imprisoned and deprived of all his property for having entertained two Quakers at his house, were fined ten pounds each for non-attendance at church, which they were unable to pay. The case being represented to the General Court, at Boston, that body issued an order which may still be seen on the court records, bearing the signature of Edward Rawson, Secretary, by which the treasurer of the County was "fully empowered to *sell the said persons* to any of the English nation at *Virginia or Barbadoes*, to answer said fines." An attempt was made to carry this barbarous order into execution, but no shipmaster was found willing to convey them to the West Indies. Vide SEWALL'S History, pp. 225-6, G. BISHOP.

To the God of all sure mercies let my blessing rise to-day,  
From the scoffer and the cruel he hath plucked the spoil  
away;—  
Yea, He who cooled the furnace around the faithful three,  
And tamed the Chaldean Lions, hath set his handmaid  
free!

Last night I saw the sunset melt through my prison-bars,  
Last night across my damp earth-floor fell the pale gleam  
    of the stars ;  
In the coldness and the darkness, all through the long  
    night time,  
My grated casement whitened with Autumn's early rime.

Alone, in that dark sorrow, hour after hour crept by ;  
Star after star looked palely in and sank adown the sky ;  
No sound amid night's stillness, save that which seemed  
    to be  
The dull and heavy beating of the pulses of the sea.

All night I sat unsleeping, for I knew that on the morrow  
The ruler and the cruel priest would mock me in my sor-  
    row ;  
Dragged to their place of market, and bargained for and  
    sold,  
Like a lamb before the shambles, like a heifer from the  
    fold !

Oh, the weakness of the flesh was there—the shrinking  
    and the shame ;  
And the low voice of the Tempter like whispers to me  
    came :  
“ Why sit'st thou thus forlornly ! ” the wicked murmur  
    said—  
“ Damp walls thy bower of beauty, cold earth thy  
    maiden bed ?

“ Where be the smiling faces, and voices soft and sweet,  
Seen in thy father's dwelling, heard in the pleasant street ?

Where be the youths whose glances, the summer Sabbath  
through,  
Turned tenderly and timidly unto thy father's pew ?

“ Why sit'st thou here, Cassandra ?—Bethink thee with  
what mirth  
Thy happy schoolmates gather around the warm bright  
hearth ;  
How the crimson shadows tremble, on foreheads white  
and fair,  
On eyes of merry girlhood, half hid in golden hair.

“ Not for *thee* the hearth-fire brightens, not for *thee* kind  
words are spoken,  
Not for *thee* the nuts of Wenham woods by laughing boys  
are broken,  
No first-fruits of the orchard within *thy* lap are laid,  
For *thee* no flowers of Autumn the youthful hunters braid .

“ O ! weak, deluded maiden !—by crazy fancies led,  
With wild and raving railers an evil path to tread ;  
To leave a wholesome worship, and teaching pure and  
sound,  
And mate with manaic women, loose-haired and sack-  
cloth-bound ;

‘ Mad scoffers of the priesthood, who mock at things  
divine,  
Who rail against the pulpit, and holy bread and wine ;

Sore from their cart-tail scourgings, and from the pillory  
lame,  
Rejoicing in their wretchedness, and glorying in their  
shame.

“ And what a fate awaits thee ?—a sadly toiling slave,  
Dragging the slowly lengthening chain of bondage to the  
grave !  
Think of thy woman's nature, subdued in hopeless thrall,  
The easy prey of any, the scoff and scorn of all !”

Oh ! ever as the Tempter spoke, and feeble Nature's fears  
Wrung, drop by drop, the scalding flow of unavailing  
tears,  
I wrestled down the evil thoughts, and strove in silent  
prayer,  
To feel, oh Helper of the weak !—that Thou indeed wert  
there !

I thought of Paul and Silas, within Philippi's cell,  
And how from Peter's sleeping limbs the prison-shackles  
fell,  
Till I seemed to hear the trailing of an angel's robe of  
white,  
And to feel a blessed presence invisible to sight.

Bless the Lord for all his mercies !—for the peace and  
love I felt,  
Like dew of Hermon's holy hill, upon my spirit melt ;

When "Get behind me, Satan!" was the language of my  
heart,  
And I felt the Evil Tempter with all his doubts depart.

Slow broke the gray cold morning; again the sunshine  
fell,  
Flecked with the shade of bar and grate within my lonely  
cell;  
The hoar frost melted on the wall, and upward from the  
street  
Came careless laugh and idle word, and tread of passing  
feet.

At length the heavy bolts fell back, my door was open  
cast,  
And slowly at the sheriff's side, up the long street I pass-  
ed;  
I heard the murmur round me, and felt, but dared not  
see,  
How, from every door and window, the people gazed on  
me.

And doubt and fear fell on me, shame burned upon my  
cheek,  
Swam earth and sky around me, my trembling limbs  
grew weak:  
"Oh, Lord! support thy handmaid; and from her soul  
cast out  
The fear of man, which brings a snare—the weakness  
and the doubt."



Then the dreary shadows scattered like a cloud in morn-  
ing's breeze,  
And a low deep voice within me seemed whispering  
words like these:  
"Though thy earth be as the iron, and thy heaven a  
brazen wall,  
Trust still His loving kindness whose power is over all."

We paused at length, where at my feet the sunlit  
waters broke  
On glaring reach of shining beach, and shingly wall of  
rock;  
The merchant-ships lay idly there, in hard clear lines on  
high,  
Tracing with rope and slender spar their net-work on the  
sky.

And there were ancient citizens, cloak-wrapped and  
grave and cold,  
And grim and stout sea-captains with faces bronzed and  
old,  
And on his horse, with Rawson, his cruel clerk at hand,  
Sat dark and haughty Endicott, the ruler of the land.

And poisoning with his evil words the ruler's ready ear,  
The priest leaned o'er his saddle, with laugh and scoff  
and jeer;  
It stirred my soul, and from my lips the seal of silence  
broke,  
As if through woman's weakness a warning spirit spoke.

I cried, "The Lord rebuke thee, thou smiter of the meek,  
 Thou robber of the righteous, thou trampler of the weak!  
 Go light the dark, cold hearth-stones—go turn the prison  
 lock  
 Of the poor hearts thou hast hunted, thou wolf amid the  
 flock!"

Dark lowered the brows of Endicott, and with a deeper  
 red  
 O'er Rawson's wine-empurpled cheek the flush of anger  
 spread;  
 "Good people," quoth the white-lipped priest, "heed  
 not her words so wild,  
 Her Master speaks within her—the Devil owns his  
 child!"

But gray heads shook, and young brows knit, the while  
 the sheriff read  
 That law the wicked rulers against the poor have made,  
 Who to their house of Rimmon and idol priesthood bring  
 No bended knee of worship, nor gainful offering.

Then to the stout sea-captains the sheriff turning said:  
 "Which of ye, worthy seamen, will take this Quaker  
 maid?  
 In the Isle of fair Barbadoes, or on Virginia's shore,  
 You may hold her at a higher price than Indian girl or  
 Moor."

Grim and silent stood the captains; and when again he  
cried,

“Speak out, my worthy seamen!”—no voice or sign re-  
plied;

But I felt a hard hand press my own, and kind words  
met my ear:

“God bless thee, and preserve thee, my gentle girl and  
dear!”

A weight seemed lifted from my heart,—a pitying friend  
was nigh;

I felt it in his hard, rough hand, and saw it in his eye;  
And when again the sheriff spoke, that voice, so kind to  
me,

Growled back its stormy answer, like the roaring of the  
sea:

“Pile my ship with bars of silver—pack with coins of  
Spanish gold,

From keel-piece up to deck-plank, the roomage of her  
hold,

By the living God who made me!—I would sooner in  
your bay

Sink ship and crew and cargo, than bear this child  
away!”

“Well answered, worthy captain, shame on their cruel  
laws!”

Ran through the crowd in murmurs loud the people's  
just applause;

“ Like the herdsmen of Tekoa, in Israel of old,  
Shall we see the poor and righteous again for silver  
sold ?”

I looked on haughty Endicott; with weapon half-way  
drawn,  
Swept round the throng his lion glare of bitter hate and  
scorn ;  
Fiercely he drew his bridle reign, and turned in silence  
back,  
And sneering priest and baffled clerk rode murmuring  
in his track.

Hard after them the sheriff looked, in bitterness of soul ;  
Thrice smote his staff upon the ground, and crushed his  
parchment roll.

“ Good friends,” he said, “ since both have fled, the  
ruler and the priest,  
Judge ye, if from their further work I be not well re-  
leased.”

Loud was the cheer which, full and clear, swept round  
the silent bay,  
As, with kind words and kinder looks, he bade me go  
my way ;  
For he who turns the courses of the streamlet of the glen,  
And the river of great waters, had turned the hearts of  
men.

Oh, at that hour the very earth seemed changed beneath  
my eye,  
A holier wonder round me rose the blue walls of the sky,  
A lovelier light on rock and hill, and stream and wood-  
land lay,  
And softer lapsed on sunnier sands the waters of the bay.

Thanksgiving to the Lord of life!—to Him all praises be,  
Who from the hands of evil men hath set his handmaid  
free ;  
All praise to Him before whose power the mighty are  
afraid,  
Who takes the crafty in the snare, which for the poor is  
laid !

Sing, oh! my soul, rejoicingly, on evening's twilight calm  
Uplift the loud thanksgiving—pour forth the grateful  
psalm ;  
Let all dear hearts with me rejoice, as did the saints of  
old,  
When of the Lord's good angel the rescued Peter told.

And weep and howl, ye evil priests and mighty men of  
wrong,  
The Lord shall smite the proud and lay His hand upon  
the strong.  
Wo to the wicked rulers in His avenging hour !  
Wo to the wolves who seek the flocks to raven and  
devour !

But let the humble ones arise—the poor in heart be glad,  
And let the mourning ones again with robes of praise be  
    clad,  
For He who cooled the furnace, and smoothed the  
    stormy wave,  
And tamed the Chaldean lions, is mighty still to save!

## THE BRANDED HAND.

Captain JONATHAN WALKER, of Harwich, Mass., was solicited by several fugitive slaves at Pensacola, Florida, to convey them in his vessel to the British West Indies. Although well aware of the hazard of the enterprize, he attempted to comply with their request. He was seized by an American vessel, consigned to the American authorities at Key West, and by them taken back to Florida—where, after a long and rigorous imprisonment, he was brought to trial. He was sentenced to be branded on the right hand with the letters “S. S.” (“Slave Stealer”) and amerced in a heavy fine. He was released on the payment of his fine in the Sixth month of 1845.

WELCOME home again, brave seaman! with thy thoughtful brow and gray,  
And the old heroic spirit of our earlier, better day—  
With that front of calm endurance, on whose steady nerve, in vain  
Pressed the iron of the prison, smote the fiery shafts of pain!

Is the tyrant's brand upon thee? Did the brutal cravens aim  
To make God's truth thy falsehood, His holiest work thy shame?  
When, all blood-quenched, from the torture the iron was withdrawn,  
How laughed their evil angel the baffled fools to scorn!

*They* change to wrong, the duty which God hath written  
out  
On the great heart of humanity too legible for doubt!  
*They*, the loathsome moral lepers, blotched from foot-  
sole up to crown,  
Give to shame what God hath given unto honor and re-  
nown!

Why, that brand is highest honor!—than its traces never  
yet  
Upon old armorial hatchments was a prouder blazon set;  
And thy unborn generations, as they crowd our rocky  
strand,  
Shall tell with pride the story of their father's BRANDED  
HAND!

As the Templar home was welcomed, bearing back from  
Syrian wars  
The scars of Arab lances, and of Paynim scimitars,  
The pallor of the prison and the shackle's crimson span,  
So we meet thee, so we greet thee, truest friend of God  
and man!

*He* suffered for the ransom of the dear Redeemer's  
grave,  
*Thou* for His living presence in the bound and bleeding  
slave;  
*He* for a soil no longer by the feet of angels trod,  
*Thou* for the true Shechinah, the present home of God!



For, while the jurist sitting with the slave-whip o'er him  
    swung,  
From the tortured truths of freedom the lie of slavery  
    wrung,  
And the solemn priest to Moloch, on each God-deserted  
    shrine,  
Broke the bondman's heart for bread, poured the bond-  
man's blood for wine—

While the multitude in blindness to a far-off Saviour  
    knelt,  
And spurned, the while, the temple where a present  
    Saviour dwelt;  
Thou beheld'st Him in the task-field, in the prison  
    shadows dim,  
And thy mercy to the bondman, it was mercy unto Him!

In thy lone and long night watches, sky above and wave  
    below,  
Thou did'st learn a higher wisdom than the babbling  
    school-men know;  
God's stars and silence taught thee, as His angels only  
    can,  
That the one, sole *sacred thing* beneath the cope of  
    heaven is MAN!

That he who treads profanely on the scrolls of law and  
    creed,  
In the depth of God's great goodness may find mercy in  
    his need;

But woe to him who crushes the soul with chain and rod,  
And herds with lower natures the awful form of God!

Then lift that manly right hand, bold ploughman of the  
wave!

Its branded palm shall prophecy, "SALVATION TO THE  
SLAVE!"

Hold up its fire-wrought language, that whoso reads may  
feel

His heart swell strong within him, his sinews change to  
steel.

Hold it up before our sunshine, up against our Northern  
air—

Ho! men of Massachusetts, for the love of God look  
there!

Take it henceforth for your standard—like the Bruce's  
heart of yore,

In the dark strife closing round ye, let that hand be seen  
before!

And the tyrants of the slave-land shall tremble at that  
sign,

When it points its finger Southward along the Puritan  
line:

Woe to the State-gorged leeches, and the Church's locust  
band,

When they look from slavery's ramparts on the coming  
of that hand!

## THE QUAKER OF THE OLDEN TIME.

THE Quaker of the olden time !—  
How calm and firm and true,  
Unspotted by its wrong and crime,  
He walked the dark earth through !  
The lust of power, the love of gain,  
The thousand lures of sin  
Around him, had no power to stain  
The purity within.

With that deep insight, which detects  
All great things in the small,  
And knows how each man's life affects  
The spiritual life of all,  
He walked by faith and not by sight,  
By love and not by law ;  
The presence of the wrong or right  
He rather felt than saw.

He felt that wrong with wrong partakes,  
That nothing stands alone,  
That whoso gives the motive, makes  
His brother's sin his own.

And, pausing not for doubtful choice  
Of evils great or small,  
He listened to that inward voice  
Which called away from all.

Oh ! Spirit of that early day,  
So pure and strong and true,  
Be with us in the narrow way  
Our faithful fathers knew.  
Give strength the evil to forsake,  
The cross of Truth to bear,  
And love and reverent fear to make  
Our daily lives a prayer !

## LINES

Suggested by a visit to the city of Washington in the 12th month of 1845.

WITH a cold and wintry noon-light,  
On its roofs and steeples shed,  
Shadows weaving with the sun-light  
From the grey sky overhead,  
Broadly, vaguely, all around me, lies the half-built town  
outspread.

Through this broad street, restless ever,  
Ebbs and flows a human tide,  
Wave on wave a living river ;  
Wealth and fashion side by side ;  
Toiler, idler, slave and master, in the same quick current  
glide.

Underneath yon dome, whose coping  
Springs above them, vast and tall,  
Grave men in the dust are groping  
For the largess, base and small,  
Which the hand of Power is scattering, crumbs which  
from its table fall.

Base of heart ! They vilely barter  
Honor's wealth for party's place :  
Step by step on Freedom's charter  
Leaving footprints of disgrace ;  
For to-day's poor pittance turning from the great hope of  
their race.

Yet, where festal lamps are throwing  
Glory round the dancer's hair,  
Gold-tressed, like an angel's, flowing  
Backward on the sunset air ;  
And the low quick pulse of music beats its measure  
sweet and rare :

There to-night shall woman's glances,  
Star-like, welcome give to them,  
Fawning fools with shy advances  
Seek to touch their garments hem,  
With the tongue of flattery glozing deeds which God and  
Truth condemn.

From this glittering lie my vision  
Takes a broader, sadder range,  
Full before me have arisen,  
Other pictures dark and strange,  
From the parlor to to the prison must the scene and wit-  
ness change.

Hark! the heavy gate is swinging  
On its hinges, harsh and slow;  
One pale prison lamp is flinging  
On a fearful group below  
Such a light as leaves to terror whatsoe'er it does not  
show.

Pitying God!—Is that a WOMAN  
On whose wrist the shackles clash?  
Is that shriek she utters human,  
Underneath the stinging lash?  
Are they MEN whose eyes of madness from that sad pro-  
cession flash?

Still the dance goes gaily onward!  
What is it to Wealth and Pride,  
That without the stars are looking  
On a scene which earth should hide?  
That the SLAVE-SHIP lies in waiting, rocking on Potomac's  
tide!

Vainly to that mean Ambition  
Which, upon a rival's fall,  
Winds above its old condition  
With a reptile's slimy crawl,  
Shall the pleading voice of sorrow, shall the slave in  
anguish call.

Vainly to the child of Fashion,  
Giving unto ideal woe  
Graceful luxury of compassion,  
Shall the stricken mourner go;  
Hateful seems the earnest sorrow, beautiful the hollow  
show !

Nay, my words are all too sweeping :  
In this crowded human mart,  
Feeling is not dead, but sleeping ;  
Man's strong will and woman's heart,  
In the coming strife for Freedom, yet shall bear their  
generous part.

And from yonder sunny vallies,  
Southward in the distance lost,  
Freedom yet shall summon allies  
Worthier than the North can boast,  
With the Evil by their hearth-stones grappling at severer  
cost.

Now, the soul alone is willing :  
Faint the heart and weak the knee ;  
And as yet no lip is thrilling  
With the mighty words "BE FREE!"  
Tarrieth long the land's Good Angel, but his advent is to  
be !



Meanwhile, turning from the revel  
To the prison-cell my sight,  
For intenser hate of evil,  
For a keener sense of right,  
Shaking off thy dust, I thank thee, City of the Slaves,  
to-night!

“To thy duty now and ever!  
Dream no more of rest or stay;  
Give to Freedom's great endeavor  
All thou art and hast to-day :”—  
Thus, above the city's murmur, saith a Voice or seems  
to say.

Ye with heart and vision gifted  
To discern and love the right,  
Whose worn faces have been lifted  
To the slowly-growing light,  
Where from Freedom's sunrise drifted slowly back the  
murk of night!—

Ye who through long years of trial  
Still have held your purpose fast,  
While a lengthening shade the dial  
From the westering sunshine cast,  
And of hope each hour's denial seemed an echo of the  
last!—

Oh, my brothers! oh, my sisters!  
Would to God that ye were near,  
Gazing with me down the vistas  
Of a sorrow strange and drear;  
Would to God that ye were listening to the Voice I  
seem to hear!

With the storm above us driving,  
With the false earth mined below—  
Who shall marvel if thus striving  
We have counted friend as foe;  
Unto one another giving in the darkness blow for  
blow.

Well it may be that our natures  
Have grown sterner and more hard,  
And the freshness of their features  
Somewhat harsh and battle-scarred,  
And their harmonies of feeling overtasked and rudely  
jarred.

Be it so. It should not swerve us  
From a purpose true and brave;  
Dearer Freedom's rugged service  
Than the pastime of the slave;  
Better is the storm above it than the quiet of the grave.

Let us then, uniting, bury  
All our idle feuds in dust,  
And to future conflicts carry  
Mutual faith and common trust ;  
Always he who most forgiveth in his brother is most  
just.

From the eternal Shadow rounding  
All our sun and starlight here,  
Voices of our lost ones sounding  
Bid us be of heart and cheer,  
Through the silence, down the spaces, falling on the in-  
ward ear.

Know we not our dead are looking  
Downward with a sad surprise,  
All our strife of words rebuking  
With their mild and loving eyes ?  
Shall we grieve the holy angels ? Shall we cloud their  
blessed skies ?

Let us draw their mantles o'er us  
Which have fallen in our way ;  
Let us do the work before us,  
Cheerly, bravely, while we may,  
Ere the long night-silence cometh, and with us it  
is not day !

## TEXAS.

### VOICE OF NEW ENGLAND.

Up the hill-side, down the glen,  
Rouse the sleeping citizen ;  
Summon out the might of men !

Like a lion growling low—  
Like a night-storm rising slow—  
Like the tread of unseen foe—

It is coming—it is nigh !  
Stand your homes and altars by ;  
On your own free thresholds die.

Clang the bells in all your spires ;  
On the gray hills of your sires  
Fling to heaven your signal fires.

From Wachuset, lone and bleak,  
Unto Berkshire's tallest peak,  
Let the flame-tongued heralds speak.

O! for God and duty stand,  
Heart to heart and hand to hand,  
Round the old graves of the land.

Whoso shrinks or falters now,  
Whoso to the yoke would bow,  
Brand the craven on his brow!

Freedom's soil hath only place  
For a free and fearless race—  
None for traitors false and base.

Perish party—perish clan;  
Strike together while ye can,  
Like the arm of one strong man.

Like that angel's voice sublime,  
Heard above a world of crime,  
Crying of the end of time—

With one heart and with one mouth,  
Let the North unto the South  
Speak the word befitting both:

“What though Issachar be strong!  
Ye may load his back with wrong  
Overmuch and over long:

Patience, with her cup o'errun,  
With her weary thread outspun,  
Murmurs that her work is done.

If with added weight ye strain  
On th' already breaking chain,  
Who shall bind its links again?

Chain of parchment!—sand-wrought rope!—  
Shall they bind the planet up  
Scattered o'er the heaven's blue cope!

Give us bright though broken rays,  
Rather than eternal haze,  
Clouding o'er the full-orbed blaze.

Take your land of sun and bloom ;  
Only leave to Freedom room  
For her plough, and forge, and loom ;

Take your slavery-blackened vales ;  
Leave us but our own free gales,  
Blowing on our thousand sails.

Boldly, or with treacherous art,  
Strike the blood-wrought chain apart ;  
Break the Union's mighty heart ;

Work the ruin, if ye will ;  
Pluck upon your heads an ill  
Which shall grow and deepen still.

With your bondman's right arm bare,  
With his heart of black despair,  
Stand alone, if stand ye dare !

Onward with your fell design ;  
Dig the gulf and draw the line :  
Fire beneath your feet the mine :

Deeply, when the wide abyss  
Yawns between your land and this,  
Shall ye feel your helplessness.

By the hearth, and in the bed,  
Shaken by a look or tread,  
Ye shall own a guilty dread.

And the curse of unpaid toil,  
Downward through your generous soil  
Like a fire shall burn and spoil.

*Our* bleak hills shall bud and blow,  
Vines our rocks shall overgrow,  
Plenty in our vallies flow ;—

And when vengeance clouds your skies,  
Hither shall ye turn your eyes,  
As the lost on Paradise!

We but ask our rocky strand,  
Freedom's true and brother band,  
Freedom's strong and honest hand,—

Valleys by the slave untrod,  
And the Pilgrim's mountain sod,  
Blessed of our fathers' God!"



## TO FANEUIL HALL!

Written in 1844, on reading a call by "a Massachusetts Freeman" for a meeting in Faneuil Hall of the citizens of Massachusetts, without distinction of party, opposed to the annexation of Texas, and the aggressions of South Carolina, and in favor of decisive action against slavery.

MEN!—if manhood still ye claim,  
If the northern pulse can thrill,  
Roused by wrong, or stung by shame,  
Freely, strongly still :—  
Let the sounds of traffic die :  
Shut the mill-gate—leave the stall—  
Fling the axe and hammer by—  
Throng to Faneuil Hall!

Wrongs which freemen never brooked—  
Dangers grim and fierce as they,  
Which, like couching lions, looked  
On your fathers' way ;—  
These your instant zeal demand,  
Shaking with their earthquake-call  
Every rood of Pilgrim land—  
Ho, to Faneuil Hall!

From your capes and sandy bars--  
From your mountain-ridges cold,  
Through whose pines the westering stars  
Stoop their crowns of gold—  
Come, and with your footsteps wake  
Echoes from that holy wall:  
Once again, for Freedom's sake,  
Rock your fathers' hall!

Up, and tread beneath your feet  
Every cord by party spun;  
Let your hearts together beat  
As the heart of one.  
Banks and tariffs, stocks and trade,  
Let them rise or let them fall:  
Freedom asks your common aid—  
Up, to Faneuil Hall!

Up, and let each voice that speaks  
Ring from thence to southern plains,  
Sharply, as the blow which breaks  
Prison-bolts and chains!  
Speak as well becomes the free—  
Dreaded more than steel or ball,  
Shall your calmest utterance be,  
Heard from Faneuil Hall!

Have they wronged us? Let us then  
Render back nor threats nor prayers;

Have they chained our free-born men?

LET US UNCHAIN THEIRS!

Up! your banner leads the van,

Blazoned "Liberty for all!"

Finish what your sires began--

Up, to Faneuil Hall!

## LINES,

FROM A LETTER TO A YOUNG CLERICAL FRIEND.

A strength Thy service cannot tire—  
A faith which doubt can never dim—  
A heart of love—a lip of fire—  
Oh! Freedom's God! be Thou to him!

Speak through him words of power and fear,  
As through thy prophet bards of old,  
And let a scornful people hear  
Once more thy Sinai-thunders rolled.

For lying lips thy blessing seek,  
And hands of blood are raised to thee,  
And on thy children, crushed and weak,  
The oppressor plants his kneeling knee.

Let then, oh, God! thy servant dare  
Thy truth in all its power to tell,  
Unmask the priestly thieves, and tear  
The Bible from the grasp of hell!

From hollow rite and narrow span  
Of law and sect by thee released,  
Oh ! teach him that the Christian man  
Is holier than the Jewish priest.

Chase back the shadows, gray and old,  
Of the dead ages, from his way,  
And let his hopeful eyes behold  
The dawn of thy millennial day; —

That day when fettered limb and mind  
Shall know the truth which maketh free,  
And he alone who loves his kind  
Shall, child-like, claim the love of Thee !

TO MY FRIEND, ON THE DEATH OF HIS SISTER.\*

THINE is a grief, the depth of which another  
    May never know—  
Yet, o'er the waters, O, my stricken brother!  
    To thee I go.

I lean my heart unto thee—sadly folding  
    Thy hand in mine—  
With even the weakness of my soul upholding  
    The strength of thine. /

I never knew, like thee, the dear departed;  
    I stood not by  
When, in calm trust, the pure and tranquil-hearted  
    Lay down to die.

And on thy ears my words of weak condoling  
    Must vainly fall:  
The funeral bell which in thy heart is tolling,  
    Sounds over all!

\* Sophia Sturge, sister of Joseph Sturge, of Birmingham, the President of the British Complete Suffrage Association, died in the 6th mo. 1845. She was the colleague, counsellor and ever ready helpmate of her brother in all his vast designs of beneficence. The Birmingham Pilot says of her: "Never, perhaps, were the active and passive virtues of the human character more harmoniously and beautifully blended, than in this excellent woman."

I will not mock the poor world's common  
    And heartless phrase,  
Nor wrong the memory of a sainted woman  
    With idle praise.

With silence only as their benediction,  
    God's angels come  
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,  
    The soul sits dumb!

Yet, would I say what thy own heart approveth :  
    Our Father's will,  
Calling to Him the dear one whom He loveth,  
    Is mercy still.

Not upon thee or thine the solemn angel  
    Hath evil wrought :  
Her funeral anthem is a glad evangel—  
    The good die not !

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly  
    What He hath given ;  
They live on earth, in thought and deed, as truly  
    As in His heaven.

And she is with thee. In thy path of trial  
    She walketh yet ;  
Still with the baptism of thy self-denial  
    Her locks are wet.

Up, then, my brother! Lo, the fields of harvest  
Lie white in view!  
She lives and loves thee, and the God thou servest  
To both is true.

Thrust in thy sickle!—England's toil-worn peasants  
Thy call abide;  
And she thou mourn'st, a pure and holy presence,  
Shall glean beside!







MEMORIALS.

WALTON

TO THE MEMORY OF CHARLES B. STORRS,

LATE PRESIDENT OF WESTERN RESERVE COLLEGE.

“He fell a martyr to the interests of his *colored brethren*. For many months did that mighty man of God apply his discriminating and gigantic mind to the subject of Slavery and its remedy: and, when his soul could no longer contain his holy indignation against the upholders and apologists of this unrighteous system, he gave vent to his aching heart, and poured forth his clear thoughts and holy feelings in such deep and soul-entrancing eloquence, that other men, whom he would fain in his humble modesty acknowledge his superiors, sat at his feet and looked up as children to a parent.”—*Correspondent of the “Liberator,”* 16th of 11th mo. 1833.

THOU hast fallen in thine armor,  
Thou martyr of the Lord!  
With thy last breath crying—“Onward!”  
And thy hand upon the sword,  
The haughty heart derideth,  
And the sinful lip reviles,  
But the blessing of the perishing  
Around thy pillow smiles!

When to our cup of trembling  
The added drop is given,  
And the long suspended thunder  
Falls terribly from Heaven,—  
When a new and fearful freedom  
Is proffer'd of the Lord  
To the slow consuming Famine—  
The Pestilence and Sword!—

When the refuges of Falsehood  
Shall be swept away in wrath,  
And the temple shall be shaken,  
With its idol, to the earth,—  
Shall not thy words of warning  
Be all remember'd then ?  
And thy now unheeded message  
Burn in the hearts of men ?

Oppression's hand may scatter  
Its nettles on thy tomb,  
And even Christian bosoms  
Deny thy memory room ;  
For lying lips shall torture  
Thy mercy into crime,  
And the slanderer shall flourish  
As the bay-tree for a time.

But, where the South-wind lingers  
On Carolina's pines,  
Or, falls the careless sunbeam  
Down Georgia's golden mines,—  
Where now beneath his burthen  
The toiling slave is driven,—  
Where now a tyrant's mockery  
Is offer'd unto Heaven,—

Where Mammon hath its altars  
Wet o'er with human blood,  
And Pride and Lust debases  
The workmanship of God—

There shall thy praise be spoken,  
Redeem'd from Falsehood's ban,  
When the fetters shall be broken,  
And the *slave* shall be a *man*!

Joy to thy spirit, brother!  
A thousand hearts are warm—  
A thousand kindred bosoms  
Are baring to the storm.  
What though red-handed Violence  
With secret Fraud combine,  
The wall of fire is round us—  
Our Present Help was thine!

Lo—the waking up of nations,  
From Slavery's fatal sleep—  
The murmur of a Universe—  
Deep calling unto Deep!  
Joy to thy spirit, brother!  
On every wind of Heaven  
The onward cheer and summons  
Of FREEDOM'S VOICE is given!

Glory to God for ever!  
Beyond the despot's will  
The soul of Freedom liveth  
Imperishable still.  
The words which thou hast utter'd  
Are of that soul a part,  
And the good seed thou hast scatter'd  
Is springing from the heart.

In the evil days before us,  
    And the trials yet to come—  
In the shadow of the prison,  
    Or the cruel martyrdom—  
We will think of thee, O brother!  
    And thy sainted name shall be  
In the blessing of the captive,  
    And the anthem of the free.



TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS SHIPLEY,

President of the Pennsylvania Abolition Society, who died on the 17th of the 9th month, 1836, a devoted Christian and Philanthropist.

GONE to thy Heavenly Father's rest!  
The flowers of Eden round thee blowing!  
And on thine ear the murmurs blest  
Of Shiloah's waters softly flowing!  
Beneath that Tree of Life which gives  
To all the earth its healing leaves!  
In the white robe of angels clad!  
And wandering by that sacred river,  
Whose streams of holiness make glad  
The city of our God for ever!

Gentlest of spirits!—not for thee  
Our tears are shed—our sighs are given:  
Why mourn to know thou art a free  
Partaker of the joys of Heaven?  
Finish'd thy work, and kept thy faith  
In Christian firmness unto death:  
And beautiful as sky and earth,  
When Autumn's sun is downward going,  
The blessed memory of thy worth  
Around thy place of slumber glowing!

But woe for us! who linger still  
With feebler strength and hearts less lowly,  
And minds less steadfast to the will  
Of Him whose every work is holy.  
For not like thine, is crucified  
The spirit of our human pride:  
And at the bondman's tale of woe,  
And for the outcast and forsaken,  
Not warm like thine, but cold and slow,  
Our weaker sympathies awaken.

Darkly upon our struggling way  
The storm of human hate is sweeping;  
Hunted and branded, and a prey,  
Our watch amidst the darkness keeping!  
Oh! for that hidden strength which can  
Nerve unto death the inner man!  
Oh! for thy spirit, tried and true,  
And constant in the hour of trial,  
Prepared to suffer, or to do,  
In meekness and in self-denial.

Oh! for that spirit, meek and mild,  
Derided, spurn'd, yet uncomplaining—  
By man deserted and reviled,  
Yet faithful to its trust remaining.  
Still prompt and resolute to save  
From scourge and chain the hunted slave!  
Unwavering in the Truth's defence,  
Even where the fires of Hate were burning,  
Th' unquailing eye of innocence  
Alone upon th' oppressor turning!

O loved of thousands! to thy grave,  
Sorrowing of heart, thy brethren bore thee!  
The poor man and the rescued slave  
Wept as the broken earth closed o'er thee—  
And grateful tears, like summer rain,  
Quicken'd its dying grass again!  
And there, as to some pilgrim-shrine,  
Shall come the outcast and the lowly,  
Of gentle deeds and words of thine  
Recalling memories sweet and holy!

Oh! for the death the righteous die!  
An end, like Autumn's day declining,  
On human hearts, as on the sky,  
With holier, tenderer beauty shining;  
As to the parting soul were given  
The radiance of an opening Heaven!  
As if that pure and blessed light,  
From off th' Eternal altar flowing,  
Were bathing, in its upward flight,  
The spirit to its worship going!

LINES,

On the death of S. OLIVER TORREY, Secretary of the Boston Young Men's  
Anti-Slavery Society.

GONE before us, O our brother,  
To the spirit-land!  
Vainly look we for another  
In thy place to stand.  
Who shall offer youth and beauty  
On the wasting shrine  
Of a stern and lofty duty,  
With a faith like thine?

Oh! thy gentle smile of greeting  
Who again shall see?  
Who, amidst the solemn meeting,  
Gaze again on thee?—  
Who, when peril gathers o'er us,  
Wear so calm a brow?  
Who, with evil men before us,  
So serene as thou?

Early hath the spoiler found thee,  
Brother of our love!  
Autumn's faded earth around thee,  
And its storms above!

Evermore that turf lie lightly,  
And, with future showers,  
O'er thy slumbers fresh and brightly  
Blow the summer flowers !

In the locks thy forehead gracing,  
Not a silvery streak ;  
Nor a line of sorrow's tracing  
On thy fair young cheek ;  
Eyes of light and lips of roses,  
Such as Hylas wore—  
Over all that curtain closes,  
Which shall rise no more !

Will the vigil Love is keeping  
Round that grave of thine,  
Mournfully, like Jazer weeping  
Over Sibmah's vine\*—  
Will the pleasant memories, swelling  
Gentle hearts, of thee,  
In the spirit's distant dwelling  
All unheeded be ?

If the spirit ever gazes,  
From its journeyings, back ;  
If the immortal ever traces  
O'er its mortal track ;

\* O vine of Sibmah ! I will weep for thee with the weeping of Jazer !"—  
*Jeremiah* xlvi. 32.

Wilt thou not, O brother, meet us  
Sometimes on our way,  
And, in hours of sadness, greet us  
As a spirit may ?

Peace be with thee, O our brother,  
In the spirit-land!  
Vainly look we for another  
In thy place to stand.  
Unto Truth and Freedom giving  
All thy early powers,  
Be thy virtues with the living,  
And thy spirit ours !

LUCY HOOPER.\*

THEY tell me, Lucy, thou art dead—  
That all of thee we loved and cherished,  
Has with thy summer roses perished :  
And left, as its young beauty fled,  
An ashen memory in its stead—  
The twilight of a parted day  
Where fading light is cold and vain ;  
The heart's faint echo of a strain  
Of low, sweet music passed away.  
That true and loving heart—that gift  
Of a mind, earnest, clear, profound,  
Bestowing, with a glad unthrift,  
Its sunny light on all around,  
Affinities which only could  
Cleave to the pure, the true and good ;  
And sympathies which found no rest,  
Save with the loveliest and the best.  
Of them—of thee remains there nought  
But sorrow in the mourner's breast ?—  
A shadow in the land of thought ?

No !—Even *my* weak and trembling faith  
Can lift for thee the veil which doubt  
And human fear have drawn about  
The all-awaiting scene of death.

\* Died at Brooklyn, L. I., on the 1st of 8th mo., 1841, aged 24 years.

Even as thou wast I see thee still ;  
And, save the absence of all ill,  
And pain and weariness, which here  
Summoned the sigh or wrung the tear,  
The same as when, two summers back,  
Beside our childhood's Merrimack,  
I saw thy dark eye wander o'er  
Stream, sunny upland, rocky shore,  
And heard thy low, soft voice alone  
'Midst lapse of waters, and the tone  
Of pine leaves by the west-wind blown,  
There's not a charm of soul or brow—  
    Of all we knew and loved in thee—  
But lives in holier beauty now,  
    Baptized in immortality !  
Not mine the sad and freezing dream  
    Of souls that, with their earthly mould,  
    Cast off the loves and joys of old—  
Unbodied—like a pale moonbeam,  
    As pure, as passionless, and cold ;  
Nor mine the hope of Indra's son,  
    Of slumbering in oblivion's rest,  
Life's myriads blending into one—  
    In blank annihilation blest ;  
Dust-atoms of the Infinite—  
Sparks scattered from the central light,  
And winning back through mortal pain  
Their old unconsciousness again.  
No !—I have FRIENDS in Spirit Land—  
Not shadows in a shadowy band,



Not *others*, but *themselves* are they.  
And still I think of them the same  
As when the Master's summons came ;  
Their change—the holy morn-light breaking  
Upon the dream-worn sleeper, waking—  
A change from twilight into day.

They've laid thee midst the household graves,  
Where father, brother, sister lie ;  
Below thee sweep the dark blue waves,  
Above thee bends the summer sky.  
Thy own loved church in sadness read  
Her solemn ritual o'er thy head,  
And blessed and hallowed with her prayer  
The turf laid lightly o'er thee there.  
That church, whose rites and liturgy,  
Sublime and old, were truth to thee,  
Undoubted, to thy bosom taken  
As symbols of a faith unshaken.  
Even I, of simpler views, could feel  
The beauty of thy trust and zeal ;  
And, owning not thy creed, could see  
How deep a truth it seemed to thee,  
And how thy fervent heart had thrown  
O'er all, a coloring of its own,  
And kindled up, intense and warm,  
A life in every rite and form,  
As, when on Chebar's banks of old,  
The Hebrew's gorgeous vision rolled,

A spirit filled the vast machine—  
A life "within the wheels" was seen.

Farewell ! A little time, and we  
Who knew thee well, and loved thee here,  
One after one shall follow thee  
As pilgrims through the gate of fear,  
Which opens on eternity.  
Yet shall we cherish not the less  
All that is left our hearts meanwhile ;  
The memory of thy loveliness  
Shall round our weary pathway smile,  
Like moonlight when the sun has set—  
A sweet and tender radiance yet.  
Thoughts of thy clear-eyed sense of duty,  
Thy generous scorn of all things wrong—  
The truth, the strength, the graceful beauty  
Which blended in thy song.  
All lovely things by thee beloved,  
Shall whisper to our hearts of thee ;  
These green hills, where thy childhood roved—  
Yon river winding to the sea—  
The sunset light of autumn eves  
Reflecting on the deep, still floods,  
Cloud, crimson sky, and trembling leaves  
Of rainbow-tinted woods,—  
These, in our view, shall henceforth take  
A tenderer meaning for thy sake ;  
And all thou loved'st of earth and sky,  
Seem sacred to thy memory.

FOLLEN.

ON READING HIS ESSAY ON "THE FUTURE STATE."

Friend of my soul!—as with moist eye  
I look up from this page of thine,  
Is it a dream that thou art nigh,  
Thy mild face gazing into mine ?

That presence seems before me now,  
A placid heaven of sweet moonrise,  
When, dew-like, on the earth below  
Descends the quiet of the skies.

The calm brow through the parted hair,  
The gentle lips which knew no guile,  
Softening the blue eye's thoughtful care  
With the bland beauty of their smile.

Ah me!—at times that last dread scene  
Of Frost and Fire and moaning Sea,  
Will cast its shade of doubt between  
The failing eyes of Faith and thee.

Yet, lingering o'er thy charmed page,  
Where through the twilight air of earth,  
Alike enthusiast and sage,  
Prophet and bard, thou gazest forth.

Lifting the Future's solemn veil,  
The reaching of a mortal hand  
To put aside the cold and pale  
Cloud-curtains of the Unseen Land!

In thoughts which answer to my own,  
In words which reach my inward ear  
Like whispers from the void Unknown,  
I feel thy living presence here.

The waves which lull thy body's rest,  
The dust thy pilgrim footsteps trod,  
Unwasted, through each change, attest  
The fixed economy of God.

Shall these poor elements outlive  
The mind whose kingly will they wrought?  
Their gross unconsciousness survive  
Thy godlike energy of thought?

THOU LIVEST, FOLLEN!—not in vain  
Hath thy fine spirit meekly borne  
The burden of Life's cross of pain,  
And the thorned crown of suffering worn.

Oh! while Life's solemn mystery glooms  
    Around us like a dungeon's wall—  
Silent earth's pale and crowded tombs,  
    Silent the heaven which bends o'er all!—

While day by day our loved ones glide  
    In spectral silence, hushed and lone,  
To the cold shadows which divide  
    The living from the dread Unknown;

While even on the closing eye,  
    And on the lip which moves in vain,  
The seals of that stern mystery  
    Their undiscovered trust retain;—

And only midst the gloom of death,  
    Its mournful doubts and haunting fears,  
Two pale, sweet angels, Hope and Faith,  
    Smile dimly on us through their tears;

'Tis something to a heart like mine  
    To think of thee as living yet;  
To feel that such a light as thine  
    Could not in utter darkness set.

Less dreary seems the untried way  
    Since thou hast left thy footprints there,  
And beams of mournful beauty play  
    Round the sad Angel's sable hair.

Oh!—at this hour when half the sky  
Is glorious with its evening light,  
And fair broad fields of summer lie  
Hung o'er with greenness in my sight ;

While through these elm boughs wet with rain.  
The sunset's golden walls are seen,  
With clover bloom and yellow grain  
And wood-draped hill and stream between ;

I long to know if scenes like this  
Are hidden from an angel's eyes ;  
If earth's familiar loveliness  
Haunts not thy heaven's serener skies.

For sweetly here upon thee grew  
The lesson which that beauty gave,  
Th' ideal of the Pure and True  
In earth and sky and gliding wave.

And it may be that all which lends  
The soul an upward impulse here,  
With a diviner beauty blends,  
And greets us in a holier sphere.

Through groves where blighting never fell  
The humbler flowers of earth may twine ;  
And simple draughts from childhood's well  
Blend with the angel-tasted wine.

But be the prying vision veiled,  
And let the seeking lips be dumb;—  
Where even seraph eyes have failed  
Shall mortal blindness seek to come?

We only know that thou hast gone,  
And that the same returnless tide  
Which bore thee from us, still glides on,  
And we who mourn thee with it glide.

On all thou lookest we shall look,  
And to our gaze ere long shall turn  
That page of God's mysterious book  
We so much wish yet dread to learn.

With Him, before whose awful power  
Thy spirit bent its trembling knee—  
Who, in the silent greeting flower,  
And forest leaf, looked out on thee—

We leave thee, with a trust serene  
Which Time, nor Change, nor Death can move,  
While with thy childlike faith we lean  
On Him whose dearest name is Love!

## LEGGETT'S MONUMENT.

“Ye build the tombs of the prophets.”—HOLY WRIT.

YES—pile the marble o'er him ! It is well  
That ye who mocked him in his long stern strife,  
And planted in the pathway of his life  
The ploughshares of your hatred, hot from hell—  
Who clamored down the bold reformer, when  
He pleaded for his captive fellow-men—  
Who spurned him in the market-place, and sought  
Within thy walls, St. Tammany, to bind  
In party chains the free and honest thought,  
The angel utterance of an upright mind—  
Well is it now that o'er his grave ye raise  
The stony tribute of your tardy praise,  
For not alone that pile shall tell to Fame  
Of the brave heart beneath, but of the builders' shame !



CHANNING.\*

Nor vainly did old poets tell,  
Nor vainly did old genius paint,  
God's great and crowning miracle—  
The hero and the saint!

For even in a faithless day  
Can we our sainted ones discern;  
And feel, while with them on the way,  
Our hearts within us burn.

And thus the common tongue and pen  
Which, world-wide, echo CHANNING's fame,  
As one of Heaven's anointed men,  
Have sanctified his name.

In vain shall Rome her portals bar,  
And shut from him her saintly prize,  
Whom, in the world's great calendar,  
All men shall canonize.

By Narragansett's sunny bay,  
Beneath his green embowering wood,

\* The last time I saw Dr. Channing was in the summer of 1841, when, in company with my English friend, JOSEPH STURGE, so well known for his philanthropic labors and liberal political opinions, I visited him at his summer residence on Rhode Island. In recalling the impressions of that visit, it can scarcely be necessary to say that I have no reference to the peculiar religious opinions of a man, whose life, beautifully and truly manifested above the atmosphere of Sect, is now the world's common legacy.

To me it seems but yesterday  
Since at his side I stood.

The slopes lay green with Summer rains,  
The Western wind blew fresh and free,  
And glimmered down the orchard lanes  
The white surf of the sea.

With us was one who, calm and true,  
Life's highest purpose understood,  
And like his blessed Master knew  
The joy of doing good.

Unlearned, unknown to letter'd fame,  
Yet on the lips of England's poor  
And toiling millions dwelt his name,  
With blessings evermore.

Unknown to power or place, yet where  
The sun looks o'er the Carib sea,  
It blended with the freeman's prayer  
And song of jubilee.

He told of England's sin and wrong—  
The ills her suffering children know—  
The squalor of the City's throng—  
The green field's want and wo.

O'er Channing's face the tenderness  
Of sympathetic sorrow stole,  
Like a still shadow, passionless,  
The sorrow of the soul.

But, when the generous Briton told  
How hearts were answering to his own,  
And Freedom's rising murmur rolled  
Up to the dull-eared throne,

I saw, methought, a glad surprise  
Thrill through that frail and pain-worn frame,  
And kindling in those deep, calm eyes  
A still and earnest flame.

His few, brief words were such as move  
The human heart—the Faith-sown seeds  
Which ripen in the soil of love  
To high heroic deeds.

No bars of sect or clime were felt—  
The Babel strife of tongues had ceased,—  
And at one common altar knelt  
The Quaker and the Priest.

And not in vain : with strength renewed,  
And zeal refreshed, and hope less dim,  
For that brief meeting, each pursued  
The path allotted him.

How echoes yet each Western hill  
And vale with Channing's dying word !  
How are the hearts of freemen still  
By that great warning stirred !

The stranger treads his native soil,  
And pleads with zeal unfelt before

The honest right of British toil,  
The claim of England's poor.

Before him time-wrought barriers fall,  
Old fears subside, old hatreds melt,  
And, stretching o'er the sea's blue wall,  
The Saxon greets the Celt.

The yeoman on the Scottish lines,  
The Sheffield grinder, worn and grim,  
The delver in the Cornwall mines,  
Look up with hope to him.

Swart smiters of the glowing steel,  
Dark feeders of the forge's flame,  
Pale watchers at the loom and wheel,  
Repeat his honored name.

And thus the influence of that hour  
Of converse by Rhode Island's strand,  
Lives in the calm, resistless power  
Which moves our father-land.

God blesses still the generous thought,  
And still the feeling word He speeds,  
And Truth, at His requiring taught,  
He quickens into deeds.

Where is the victory of the grave?  
What dust upon the spirit lies?  
God keeps the sacred life He gave—  
The Prophet never dies!

DANIEL NEALL.

I.

FRIEND of the Slave, and yet the friend of all ;  
Lover of Peace, yet ever foremost, when  
The need of battling Freedom called for men  
To plant her banner on the outer wall ;  
Gentle and kindly, ever at distress  
Melted to more than woman's tenderness,  
Yet firm and steadfast, at his duty's post  
Fronting the violence of a maddened host,  
Like some grey rock from which the waves are tossed !  
Knowing his deeds of love, men questioned not  
The faith of one whose walk and word were right—  
Who tranquilly in Life's great task-field wrought,  
And, side by side with evil, scarcely caught  
A stain upon his pilgrim garb of white :  
Prompt to redress another's wrong, his own  
Leaving to Time, and Truth, and Penitence alone.

II.

Such was our friend. Formed on the good old plan,  
A true and brave and downright honest man !—  
He blew no trumpet in the market-place,  
Nor in the church with hypocritic face  
Supplied with cant the lack of Christian grace :

Loathing pretence, he did with cheerful will  
What others talked of while their hands were still:  
And, while "Lord, Lord!" the pious tyrants cried,  
Who, in the poor, their Master crucified,  
*His* daily prayer, far better understood  
In acts than words, was simply DOING GOOD.  
So calm, so constant was his rectitude,  
That, by his loss alone we know its worth,  
And feel how true a man has walked with us on earth.

Sixth month 6th, 1846.

Whittier, John Greenleaf

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